

OLD AGE
AND OTHER POEMS



FRANK EMERSON BROOKS

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OLD ACE, AND OTHER POEMS



FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

OLD ACE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

FRED EMERSON BROOKS

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To
GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE TO HIS
PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP

THIS MODEST VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OLD ACE, ...	1
THE SWING, ...	5
UNCLE EPH'S HEAVEN, ...	12
"PALESTINE,"	15
DON'T YOU THINK SO, BILL?	19
PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG, ...	23
LITTLE NED'S WAGON, ...	26
FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE, ...	30
LITTLE TIM'S TOBACCO, ...	33
"THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR!"	35
SHERMAN'S MARCH, ...	37
THE ORTHOD-OX TEAM, ...	41
OLD GLORY, ...	44
NANCY HANKS, ...	46
CRAZY VET, ...	49
PRETTY MAID OF SAN JOSÉ, ...	51
THE JEALOUS WIFE, ...	53
"BIRDS OF A FEATHER,"	57
THE PASTOR'S WOOING, ...	59
FOREIGNERS AT THE FAIR, ...	62
THE MIRACLE OF CANA, ...	64
THE MILLER'S MAID, ...	66
THE CALIFORNIA FLEA, ...	68
THE FUNERAL OF THE MOUNTAINS, ...	73
JENNIE, ...	75
SHALL BESS COME HAME?	76
BAREFOOTED AFTER THE COWS, ...	81
THE FROG AND THE FRENCHMAN, ...	84
THREE LULLABYS, ...	87
THE NEW BABY, ...	88
LULLABY, ...	90
THE WASP AT CAMP MEETING, ...	91
MOTHER, ...	95
LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD, ...	97
PAT'S OPINION OF FLAGS, ...	98
THE SKELETON, ...	102

	PAGE
THE ENSIGN, ...	104
GUNS, ...	107
DAME NATURE'S CRAZY QUILT	111
YOSEMITE, ...	113
SILLY BILLY, ...	116
THE FERRY, ...	119
THE DEACON AND THE JUNE BUG, ...	120
WITH THE BOYS, ...	124
SANTA CLAUS, ...	126
THE SHERIFF OF CERRO-GORDO, ...	129
"OH, YEH-YUS!"	134
UNCLE EZRA'S STORY, ...	136
A WOMAN'S POCKET, ...	142
THE LITTLE CHURCH OF HAMILTON SQUARE, ...	144
BARNYARD MELODIES, ...	145
JOHN MAYNARD, ...	148
MURPHY'S DONKEY, ...	151
THE TWO KNIGHTS, ...	154
ITALIO, ...	160
THE GHOST OF AN OLD CONTINENTAL, ...	162
THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, ...	167
THE DEAD REGIMENTS, ...	167
ELSIE ADAIR, ...	168
STUTTERING BILL ON THE HEN, ...	169
MRS. FLANDERS, ...	171
OLD EAGLE, ...	173
THE BROGUE I BROUGHT OVER THE OCEAN, ...	175
PADDY MOORE, ...	177
"SAID I,"	180
WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN', ...	182
THE GOLDEN GATE, ...	184
THE PRETTY COLLEEN, ...	185
WHEN ONE HEART BEATS FOR TWO, ...	186
YOU'RE ANOTHER, ...	187
THE TRAMP AND THE CUR, ...	188
LITTLE ETTA'S COLORED BOY, ...	192
KISSING, ...	194
WHY ROSY LIPS WERE MADE, ...	196
CUPID WENT A-COURTING, ...	197
ANY KISSES WITH THE ROSES?	199
I LOVE MY LOVE, ...	200
CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN, ...	201
PRINCE AND SERF, ...	202
VICTORIA, ...	203

OLD ACE, AND OTHER POEMS

OLD ACE.

CAN any pleasure in life compare
With a charming drive in the balmy air ?
A buggy light with shimmering wheel ;
Springs whose resistance you barely feel ;
A spirited horse of royal breed,
With just a little more style and speed
Than any you meet, and it matters not
If his gait be pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip ;
You grasp the reins with a tighter grip ;
Your horse is off for a splendid dash
And needs no touch of the urging lash.
You feel the puff of the startled air ;
It floats his mane and it lifts your hair !
The hoof marks time with its measured beat,
For the singing nostril that scorns defeat !

One glorious day in the balmy spring
John Dorr was out with his new horse, King.
Though both were rich, it was his design
To buy him a faster horse than mine.
By his side the sweetest girl in the town,
Of handsome features and eyes so brown,

That gazing in where the lashes curled
Was like a view of another world,
Where the angel lives and the angel sings ;
And she was one that had dropped her wings
And come to earth just to let man see
How sweet the angels in heaven may be !
I envied the breeze its constant bliss
Of passing her cheek and stealing a kiss !

I loved the girl when we both were young,
But getting older I'd lost my tongue.
I learned in college Latin and Greek,
But Cupid's language I could not speak ;
While Jack was perfect in Cupid's art,
The only language he knew by heart.
I envied John in his ride that day—
And jogged old Spot in a leisure way—
That-two mile drive to the sulphur spring,
To test the speed of his new horse, King.

John took the lead and it touched his pride ;
For the fastest horse and the fairest bride
Had been his boast ! Did I pass him by ?
My heart, I reckon, could answer why—
I'm almost certain I lost the race
By lagging behind to look at Grace !

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day
Than he was of Grace, which made me say :
“ Be sure of your game before you boast ;
From dead defeat there may rise a ghost !
I'll race you back to the town,” said I,
“ For Gracie's glove !” But he made reply :
“ What use to you is the senseless glove
From the soft white hand of the girl I love ?

Suppose you win," he laughed in my face,
" You 'get the mitten ' and I get Grace !"
Said I : " No trophy would I so prize "—
And I caught a look from her soft brown eyes
That drove the rest of it out of my head—
I don't remember just what I said !

John laughed away till his eyes were wet :
" Increase the wager ; I'll take the bet ! "

" My glove," said Grace, " and the hand within,
Shall be the prize of the one to win ! "

I looked at John, but he didn't chaff,
He didn't smile and he didn't laugh !
" Must I then race you for such a bride,"
Said John, " and carry the load beside ? "

" I'll carry," said I, " the precious load ! "
Her bright eye flashed and her fair cheek glowed !
She took her seat with little ado ;
I tucked the robe and my heart in too !
Said I, " Old Spot ! " as I stroked his neck,
And rubbed his nose and loosened his check,
" She's Bob's own Grace if you do your best ! "
He pricked his ears just as if he guessed
The time had come when his master's need
Had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready Grace shouted " Go ! "
A word both horses seemed to know.
You heard the hoof with its measured sway
Pacing along the great highway.
You saw the swell of the panting side,
The pink that glows in the nostril wide.

I knew old Spot, if he kept that pace,
Would win my choice of the human race.
No word was spoken between us two ;
The tongue is silent when hope is new,
A mile, a mile and a-half we sped,
And still old Spot was a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with the tasseled whip ;
Then Gracie, pursing her rosy lip,
Uttered a sound like a lover's kiss ;

—pss— ! pss—ss !—

The world is ruled by a sound like this !
To urge a horse a capital plan,
And often used to encourage man,
But she never dreamed she had let me in
To her heart's fond wish that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke
Was when, over-urged, Jack's trotter broke :
“ He's running his horse and that's not fair ! ”
Then, blushing up to her auburn hair,
She grabbed the whip from my willing hand—
A move that Jack seemed to understand—
For she raised it high as much as to say,
Well, running's a game that two can play !
So he brought him down to an honest trot,
But couldn't keep up with dear old Spot,
Who forged ahead when he saw the whip
And passed the stake with never a skip.

On through the village he kept his speed,
For I was too happy to mind the steed ;
He would not stop when the race was done,
But started home with the prize he'd won !

Nor stopped till he'd reached the farmhouse gate,
Where good old mother was sure to wait.
She heard the story, while tears of joy
Baptized the love of her only boy !

I won the prize and I've got her yet !
But the kiss she gave I'll never forget ;
'Twas like an awakening after death,
By the soft caress of an angel's breath !
It seemed, as I felt her arms entwine,
No other heaven quite equaled mine.

I know the horse is a trifle old,
But you can't buy him with all your gold !
My Gracie loves him and pats his neck,
And says he's the best card in the deck !
And rubs his nose till he kisses her face ;
She has changed his name to dear old Ace !
And smiling says : " It's the proper thing,
For it takes the Ace to beat the King ! "
As she purses her lips for the well-known smack
I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack !

THE SWING.

GOOD Daniel was a thrifty farmer's son ;
A generous gift, since nature gave but one.

Of manly form, to hardihood inured,
While modesty his better worth obscured.

How much he loved fair Ellen Gray, ah, well !
He hardly dared to think, much less to tell.

'Twas such a love as only burns, forsooth,
Deep in the bosom of some bashful youth.

In other things no braver man than he,
But Cupid locked his breast and lost the key ;

But had his feelings ever taken word,
These are the musings Ellen might have heard :

“ What can be fairer than the rose full blown
That lives within a fragrance all its own ;

“ As though its velvet cheek some virtue knew
To blush at clinging kiss of ardent dew !

“ And yet, in spite of all the poets sing,
The rose is but a dumb and senseless thing,

“ Whose blushing beauty never can compare
With thine, fair Ellen of the golden hair !

“ Such loveliness as thine must ever be
Its own excuse for man's idolatry !

“ With love of all the world thou'rt surely blest,
For mine, so great, makes up for all the rest.

“ Were I the breeze, I'd steal on holy ground,
Nor hasten past, but eddying round and round,

“ In one eternal kiss upon thy cheek,
Breathe out devotion that I could not speak.”

The more one loves the less he has to say ;
And Dan was speechless, loving Ellen Gray.

Not so the gushing swell, Fitz-Potter-Brown,
Who summered there, and wintered in the town

And gave his ancestors a doubtful fame
By tacking them with hyphens to his name.

He had the gift of speech, if not the art,
And occupied her time, if not her heart ;

Esteemed a catch, if anyone could get him ;
Could compliment when his conceit would let him.

He dressed in that extreme which fashion shows
When one's ambition is to air his clothes :

As over-blossoming trees bear little fruit,
The lesser man affects the louder suit.

'Twas at a country picnic in the wood ;
Fitz-Potter came, since Ellen said he could.

Where giant elms their lofty branches fling,
There Dan had fixed the good old-fashioned swing,

While tiny sweethearts in brief calico
Waited their turn, all standing in a row ;

And oft the wood with joyous laughter rung,
As each paid Dan a kiss for being swung.

Since gratitude is strong when years are few,
The more impulsive little tots gave two.

Ellen would swing---said Brown, with many a smirk,
" I caun't, ye know, it's quite too much like work !

" But I will awsk that splendid athlete there ;
Say, Daniel, won't you swing my lady fair ? "

" 'Twould give me untold pleasure ! " Dan replies ;
Meanwhile to help her in Fitz-Potter tries,

Said she : " You cannot lift me up so high ;
Best hold the board and let good Daniel try ! "

Dan lifts her in as one would lift a child,
For strength was ever strong when beauty smiled.

The smaller swing-rope 'neath the seat is tied ;
At first he pulls it gently lest she chide.

His share of earth he'd give, and life's young hope
To win the hand now clinging to that rope ;

And marvels much so small a piece of board
Should hold so much, so much is she adored.

There's music in the rustle of her gown ;
Dan's heart goes up whenever hers comes down !

He hates to swing her from him, yet he knows
She will return, however high she goes.

Fair Ellen sees, each time she passes by,
Fresh admiration in his ardent eye.

Which joy it is, would puzzle her to say,
Or swing or Dan most takes her breath away.

Yet higher up she goes till Dan perceives
Her dainty foot among the dainty leaves.

She sails the air as one floats in a dream,
Her joy accenting with a timid scream.

Though soaring skyward is a rare delight,
Some angels unaccustomed are to flight ;

And when she smiles 'tis easy to suppose
That she is one, arrayed in modern clothes,

Lest gravitation's law she disobey,
He pulls her back for fear she get away ;

Until the rope seems but some new device
For pulling angels out of Paradise !

As sways the eucalyptus in the breeze,
By Dan's strong arm is Ellen swung with ease.

When love is toiling, toiling is but play,
And yet no fairy waif is Ellen Gray ;

Though Love be light, 'tis not all frills and flounces,
Each precious pound holds sixteen precious ounces !

'Tis not the labor makes Dan's brow perspire,
But hope aglow, a heart with love on fire.

Though from each graceful sweep soft zephyrs came
To cool his cheek, they further fanned the flame.

Gazing entranced he " lets the old cat die."
" I fear you're tired, Daniel ! " " No, not I !

" I'd like to swing you all my life ! " said Dan,
And Ellen, blushing, said : " Perhaps you can ! "

She knows his worth and knows he loves her too ;
And helps him, just as any girl should do.

One rarely knows what's on a woman's mind ;
Dan might have known, but love had made him blind.

To help her meaning she her hand extends,
And loves him more the less he comprehends.

What most we wish seems hardest to acquire,
Yet nigh at hand is oft the heart's desire.

Had Daniel known that hand was his already,
He would have held it longer and more steady.

Meanwhile Fitz-Potter-Brown had tried in vain
To sip some consolation from his cane,

Until his heart thermometer betrayed
The mercury at ninety in the shade ;

Then stepping up with diplomatic skill :
“ I’ll help her out, the swing has made her ill ! ”

Said she : “ Who helped me in should help me down ;
Again you hold the board, Fitz-Potter-Brown ! ”

Dan lifts her down with far more strength than
grace,
For his untutored arms get out of place ;

And over-cautious lest he let her slip,
He multiplies the ardor of his grip.

Fair Ellen too, as gentle counter-check,
Puts one plump arm about good Daniel’s neck.

Fitz-Potter hems and haws to smother pride,
As cautiously he beckons Dan aside.

“ You work too hawd and faw too little pay—
My thanks, and those of my sweet Ellen Gway ;

“ This perspiwation mars your handsome features :
Leave toil and sweat faw beasts and wo’king
creatures ! ”

“ An empty head holds much that is not wise,
And gives the tongue much useless exercise !

“ If she is yours, you’ve ta’en the lesser part,”
Said Dan, “ and gained the hand without the heart ! ”

“ She is not mine, but what is quite the same,
I’ve just determined she shall take my name !

“ A thing you’d hawdly awsk, although you love her,
For she is one would marwy much above her ! ”

Said Dan : “ ’Twould be indeed a petty theft
To take your name, you’d have so little left !

“ Nor will she, sir, while she retain her wits,
Abjure her precious name, and take on Fitz ! ”

Meanwhile a little tot plucked Ellen’s dress :
“ ’Oo didn’t pay Dan for ’oor swing, I dess !

“ We all dives him a tiss when we dits froo !
’Oo’ve swung so long ’oo better div him two ! ”

“ With all my heart, you little dear ! ” said Nell ;
“ I’ll throw him one, perhaps ’twill do as well.”

“ Don’t frow a tiss, for ’at would on’y waste it !
A tiss aint any dood unless ’oo taste it ! ”

“ Div it to me and I will take it to him !
If ’oo are bashful, one, I dess, will do him !

“ Here, Daniel, here is half of Ellen’s tiss ;
’Oo’ll dit the other half where I dot this ! ”

Then captive led him back to Ellen Gray :
“ Here’s Dan, who loves ’oo ! this I heard him say—

“ But he’s so very bashful, as ’oo see,
He’s blushin’ now f’om even tissin’ me ! ”

At last the little tot had loosed his tongue ;
And sweeter love-words never mortal sung.

" I've been in Cupid's swing beyond a doubt !
And you, my little Love-god, helped me out ! "

" I helped 'oo out, as well I tould afford,
Since I had Mr. Brown to hold ze board !

" And if he's mad I razzer dess 'at he
Will have to take revenge by lovin' me."

UNCLE EPH'S HEAVEN.

KIN you tell dis pore ole darky jes' how fur 'tis to de
sky ?

An' de way I's got to trabel ? 'Caze I 'spect I's gwine to
die.

Kin you map out all de jou'ney, and esplain it all to me ?
Like I gwine out'n Georgia, ober dar in Tennessee ?

Kin you tole me all aforetime 'zactly whar I gwine to go ?
For when I's dead, ole marster, how you 'spect I gwine to
know ?

Ef de sperit leave de body, whar de body gwine appeah ?
Is de spi'it gwine to take me, or gwine to leab me heah ?

What's it like up dar in glory, whar de good folks go
what dies ?

In de gre't eternal mansion, way up yondah in de skies ?
Is it like de ole plantation, de place whar I wah bo'n ?

Does dey hab de watah-million, an' de cotton an de
cawn ?

Does dey hab de sweet-pertater, an' de possum an' de
coon?

Kin you go out dar a-huntin', in de glimmer ob de
moon?

Does dey gadder roun' de cabin wid de banjo on de
knee?

Ef it's like to ole Verginny, den it's heav'n enough fo'
me!

I done hear de cullud parson, in his sanctermonous
tones,

Say de walls wah made ob jaspah, an' de gates o' precious
stones;

Say dey got no use for silber, mus' be di'mon's, pearl, an'
gol';

I reckon he done guessin'; what he know about de
soul?

Says de fruit is eberlastin' all along de gol'en street;

Don' you t'ink dat sawt o' pavement gwine hurt Uncle
Ephr'am's feet?

Radder hab de grassy meadow, an' de good ole-fashion
tree,

Like we had in old Verginny; den it's heav'n enough fo'
me.

When I done lose my color, does you reckon I turn
white?

Den dey say: "Ole Uncle Ephr'am, he done gone an' got
a fright!"

Ef I's white like dat dar image ob de angel on de
shelf

De Lawd he wouldn' know me; 'spect I wouldn' know
myself.

How you 'spect I wear dat garmint an' all dem sort
o' t'ings?

I's a heap too ole fo' flyin'; how you 'spect I look wid
wings?

Ef I done go a-harpin' an' wear dat gol'en crown
Someone comes erlong what knows me—calls ole Uncle
Ephr'am down.

All I wants is jes' git in dar, in thoo de kitchen do';
Waitin' on de Lawd an' Marster, wouldn' awsk fer
nothin' mo';

Takin' car about de hosses, keep de cattle out'n de
cawn;

Playin' wid de little chillun, little chillun on de lawn;
Dar's heaps o' chillun yondah knows ole Uncle Ephr'am
well;

An' de Kingdom's full o' chillun I done heah de parson
tell;

An' when dee heahs my fiddle gwine to gadder roun' my
knee,

Like dey did in ole Verginny! dat's de heav'n I wants
to see!

I's been tryin' to l'arn ezactly what de Christian ought to
do;

Dat's why I's been, ole marster, all dese years a-watchin'
you.

I knows you's boun' git in dyah 'caze you's been so good
an' kin',

An' I hates to go an' leab you—leab you waitin' heah
behin'.

I sees you's gittin' drowsy; now befo' you gwine asleep,
Won' you please to tell ole Ephr'am 'bout de Shepherd
an de sheep?

Tole dat story 'bout de sheepfol', an' about de sheepfol'
bin,

Whar de white sheep an' de black sheep gwine to be all
gaddered in.

Wharfo' you git so sleepy ev'y time I bresh you' hyar?
Hol' up you head, ole marster, else you gwine fall out'n
de chyar!

Sleepin' wid yo' eyes wide open? What's up dar you
gazin' at?

Why, what's de matter, marster?—never seed you look
like dat!

'Fo' de Lawd I t'inks you dyin'! no! no! Marster, don'
you go,

An' leab you' pore ole Ephr'am watchin', waitin' heah
below!

Does you see de angels comin' dat you' face is turn' so
white?

Bress de Lawd, I sees you smilin' like you foun' de way
all right!

"PALESTINE."

A LITTLE maid at Sunday-school,
And golden hair and Golden Rule
To her are quite the same.

She hears the story she loves best,
How Jesus little children blest,
Gets Peter mixed up with the rest—

The child is not to blame,
For Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
All she can fix her mind upon,
Are sure to get the glory.

But speak of Jesus crucified,
E'en though she know not why he died,
Her little ears are open wide

 To catch the sacred story.
The light of heaven is in her eye,
A bit of blue ta'en from the sky ;
You see the angels, by the bye,
 Reflected in them shine.

She asks, " And where did Jesus live ?

 And is it far to Palestine ?

One-half of life I'd freely give,
 If I could go to Palestine—
 Across the sea to Palestine."

A maiden grown so beautiful,
To worship her seems dutiful ;
 So thinks the ardent youth.

They sit together in the pew
And worship God as lovers do :
God gets one thought and love gets two,
 If they confess the truth.

If each love each with one accord
A trifle better than their Lord

 'Tis but young love's emotion.
E'en while she hears the sermon said,
The thought that next month she'll be wed
But makes her cheek the brighter red
 To prove the heart's devotion.

The light of heaven is in her eye ;
A bit of blue ta'en from the sky,
He thinks : " No angel from on high
 Is half so fair as mine."

And yet no love can take away
 That early thought of Palestine :

"One-fourth of life," he hears her say,
"I'd give to go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine."

A loving mother at whose knee
Fair children learn of Galilee,
As she who teaches them
First learned to love, then to adore,
And worship her dear Saviour more.
Longing to see that distant shore,
Where lies Jerusalem ;
A Christian mother grown in grace
Until upon her very face
You read the sacred story ;
As leaves of autumn blushing hold
All of the summer's sunset gold,
So that the year when growing old
May be baptized in glory.
Or like some rainbow fallen down,
Upon the mountain, old and brown,
Bright as the halo's circled crown
Of Jesus, the divine.
The less of life she has to live,
The more she longs for Palestine ;
One-tenth of life she'd freely give
Could she but go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine.

Grandmother old, with aproned lap
And hair much whiter than her cap—
For in those tresses hoary
A lifetime's purity is caught—
As if some silkworm deftly wrought
The silken texture of her thought
Into a crown of glory.

A face so pleasant all the while,
Not age, but the accustomed smile,
 Had furrowed wrinkles there.
The day of youth in glory dies ;
The moon her cloudy pennant flies
Up the blue ocean of the skies ;
 Old age and moon compare.
When dusk hath heralded the night,
Then with a soft and borrowed light
From out another world more bright
 Both faces seem to shine.
The less of life she has to live,
 Still longing for dear Palestine,
The less of life she has to give—
 One year to go to Palestine—
 Across the sea to Palestine.

Old age sits nodding in her chair.
Her thoughts are what ? Her thoughts are where
 Who knows what age is thinking ?
Long hours she'll sit and croon and wait,
As though she did anticipate
Some angel at the garden gate.
 They watch her slowly sinking,
Enfeebled, wrinkled, withered age,
Her finger resting on the page
 For years she has not read—
That sacred Book of truth divine,
The very page, the very line
That points the way to Palestine.
 One nod, and she is dead !
How many harps are left unstrung,
How many songs are left unsung,

Like prayers that never reach the tongue,
Yet heard by the Divine !
Her longing ended at the grave ;
She went at last to Palestine—
Another way to Palestine.
And all her Christian life she gave
To go and live in Palestine—
That fairer, holier Palestine.

DON'T YOU THINK SO, BILL?

SAY, Bill, I've been a-thinkin' ! you know how a feller
feels
When he somehow thinks of nothin' ; dead in love, head
over heels ;
Like a frog that's in the water buried all except his eyes ;
Just a-winkin' and a-blinkin' at some frog for whom he
sighs ;
I've enjoyed that sort o' feelin', it's been comin' on for
years—
Like a flutter in the bosom, like a twitter in the ears.
Some say marriage is a failure ; but I'm willin' to con-
fess
That for unalloyed emotion, sparkin's jist a grand suc-
cess !

Don't you think so, Bill ?

Some say marriage is a failure ! Well, what else can
they expect ?
One can have a business failure on about the same neg-
lect.

Pay a wife as much attention as you do the vines you
start,
And the grapes of love will cluster on the trellis of the
heart !
Take one-half the pains to cherish, that you did to gain
her love,
And you'll find her just the angel you've been always
dreamin' of !
But when talkin' of the cherubs, don't forget my Bessie
Grey ;
She can discount all the angels flyin' up the Milky Way !
Don't you think so, Bill ?

Her father lost his fortune in that mine at Silver Hill ;
Then became a helpless cripple at the fallin' o' the
mill ;
When misfortune comes a-callin' she will bring a friend
next day ;
And the more she is unwelcome, why, the longer she
will stay.
What a heap of friends go flyin' when one's riches take
on wings ;
And the pinch o' want seems harder from the thought
o' better things !
But they found the horn of plenty one mornin' at the
door ;
I suspect the Master Masons—they have done such
things before !
Don't you think so, Bill ?

I'd consent to be a cripple, havin' Bessie all the while ;
There's a glint of heaven's glory in that pretty maiden's
smile !

Her face is like the sunrise, when the first faint blushes
say,
Stealin' up the cheek o' mornin',—"Here's another
pleasant day!"
Eyes—much like the eyes of angels, fashioned from the
blue above,
With a little touch o' human, just to teach man how to
love!
Lots o' times I've been there callin' and started to pro-
pose,
But my tongue would stop a-talkin' every time my heart
arose!

Don't you think so, Bill?

.

Makin' love is mighty easy—but when you've got it
made,
How you goin' to tell her of it, if you haven't learned the
trade?
Well, I got so very bashful that I tried the German
plan:
"*Ich liebe dich, mein fraulein!*" but she answered:
"*Nicht furstan!*"
Then I answered: "I am pleadin' for a friend o' mine
by birth;
Who would give the earth to have you if he only had the
earth!"
Then she answered: "Tell your friend, who seems so
wealthy in his thought,
I'm another's—and that makin' love by proxy comes to
naught!"

Don't you think so, Bill?

To hear she loved another put my senses in a whirl;
I'd rather lose my bein' than have lost that lovely girl:

And I started in a-sobbin', when she stole behind my
chair,

And I felt her pretty fingers playin' love-notes in my
hair:

"If you're pleadin' for a stranger, better let the stranger
cry!"

Then I had to up and tell her that the friend I meant
was I!

With her cheek to mine she whispered—O, how sweet
some words can be!

She had always loved another—but that other one was
me!

Don't you think so, Bill?

People say I'm goin' crazy, wastin' money day and
night:

Runnin' tunnels in the mountain! and to-day I guess
they're right:

In the bosom of the mountain I've just struck the heart
of gold,

And learned how much o' happiness a mortal man can
hold!

I'm goin' to tell my Bessie what good luck her kisses
bring,

And she'll hug her cripple father! He'll get up and
dance and sing!

One is pretty safe in sayin' that heaven's begun below,
When he's got the blessed angel and the happiness to
show!

Don't you think so, Bill?

PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG.

WHEN the war broke out Pat was first to enlist ;
He'd fight wid shillaly or fight wid his fist.

Now Patrick was fresh from the ould, ould sod,
And carried a gun as he'd carry a hod.

He'd soon learn to shoot it, he hadn't a doubt,
If they'd put in the load while he'd watch it come out ;

But when he had shot it, he said he had ruther
Be pricked wid the one end than kicked wid the other.

His rations of whisky he'd drink at one swig ;
And never mark time but he'd end with a jig.

They went to the front ; Pat thought it was hard,
The very first night to be put upon guard,

Yet he paced back and forth, out in the night air,
Rehearsing his "Halt !" and "Who goes there ?"

"I'm to shoot the Confederate straight through the
heart—

But how is a stranger to tell 'em apart ?

"I'll know Mr. Rebel, the officers say,
By the clothes he has on, supposed to be gray.

"Is a gentleman judged by the cut of his clothes,
As a toper is told by the tint of his nose ?

"But how can I tell if he come in the dark ?
Must I judge of the tree by feelin' the bark ?

"I'll be sure of his wardrobe, bedad, ere I shoot !
To be the *right* man he must wear the *wrong* suit !

"I think I'll surround him, the first thing I say,
Then ax him this question : ' Your coat, is it gray ? '

"But I swear by the whisky that's in my canteen,
I'll not trouble him if he's *wearing the green*."

'Tis late in the night—all the camp is asleep—
When Pat hears a noise that makes his flesh creep !

Something crawls through the brush ! Pat holloes out
"Halt !"

And "Who goes there ? If you're deaf, it's your fault !"

All he hears is "R-r-ruff ! R-r-ruff !" That sounds like
a grunt—

"He 's a rough, sure," says Pat, "for his language is
blunt !

"March here and surrender, me Reb, or you die !
Come ! out wid yer business ! I'll bet you're a spy !"

"U-g-h-w-e-e ! U-g-h-w-e-e !" "Holy murther ! What
language is that ?

'Tis some foreign tongue, I'll be blowed !" muttered Pat.

"An officer sure—but betwixt you and me,
Is the whole army wid ye ?" "*U-g-h-w-e-e ! U-g-h-
w-e-e ! U-g-h-w-e-e ! U-g-h-w-e-e !*"

"We ! we !" muttered Pat ; "surely that's French for
yes.

I'll capture an army ! Hold, aisy—I guess

"I'd better have help—so I'll call up the crowd :
The Rebels are on us !" he cries out aloud.

"The Rebels are on us!" Out rush the whole corps,
Surrounding the wood which they quickly search o'er,

Then sweep through the brush at a double-quick jog;
But all they can find is a dirty white hog.

They cursed till they laughed and laughed till they cried;
For rousing the army next day Pat was tried.

"Court-martialed?" said Pat—"My offense is not big,
Why not try the army for *rousin'* the pig?"

"But since I've no lawyer to fix up my case
Wid fiction—I'll give ye the truth in its place.

"He came in the noight wid his heart in his mouth,
Like an honest Confederate, straight from the South.

"I axed him this question, for I couldn't see:
'Are you, sir, a spy?' Then he answered: 'We! we!'

"As I am a soldier, I'll ne'er dance a jig—
But he was a reg'lar Confederate pig.

"I've brought into court, to confirm what I say,
These bristles, that prove he was wearin' the 'gray.'

"'Tis all that was left me, I'm sad to relate—
The rest of the pig, sirs, you officers ate.

"To speak out me moind, sure I'll die but it's true:
There's many a *pig* here that's *wearin' the blue!*"

LITTLE NED'S WAGON.

WIDOW CARNEY took in washin'. 'Twas her way of
earnin' bread ;

And she learned about how chapely human bein's may
be fed.

Life was loike her occupation—nothin' but a constant
rub ;

And her airy castles vanished loike the bubbles in her
tub.

But she had one constant comfort : little Ned, her only
choild,

Whom she called her "soilent partner," at the which he
always smoiled ;

Said : "he only carried bundles whoile his mother did
the work ;

Was the horse widout the wagin—a sort o' runnin'
clerk !"

Whin the bundles were too heavy little Ned would not
complain ;

He'd simply rest more often, thin he'd up and off again.

Ef he only had a wagin he'd be runnin' all the way,

Jist to see the wheels go spinnin', turnin' labor into
play !

Ef he only had a wagin what big bundles he could
take ;

And his mother heard him prayin' : "Sind me one, for
Jesus' sake !"

Pretty soon he got acquainted wid the man who kept the
sthore,
Where he'd stop to try the wagins ivery toime he'd pass
the door ;

Till the merchint said one mornin' : " Little Ned, ye're
very nice !
Ef you want a little wagin, yo' shall have one half the
price ; "

Runnin' home he towld his mother, and he thought he
heard her say :
" I can do widout me sugar ; I can do widout me tay ! "

Little Ned jist thought his mother was an angel on
parade ;
And about the sweetest creature that the Lord had iver
made !

Whin Ned came home to supper, she was hid behoid
the door,
To watch him foind the wagin ; see his little heart run
o'er.

Said he wasn't very hungry, so the wittles had to wait
Till he tried his yaller wagin, runnin' up and down the
strate :

Wiltl an' power hold no pleasure, no sinsation loike to
that
Throbbin' in the little bosom underneath the faded hat !

After supper, by his wagin, on the floor sat little Ned,
Whoile his mother from the paper wid some difficulty
read.

Readin' isn't very asy where ye spell it as ye go,
And are forced to guess the meanin' of the words ye
may not know.

"Did you moind how I was readin', and what the
paper said
About the widow Farley, wid her husban' lately dead ?

"Who had left her moity little, save the memory of his
sins,
And the sweetest pair o' babies iver found out they were
twins.

"Though the paper says the babies are the value of
two farms,
She's too poor to give them airin' save she toat them in
her arms ;

"And it wants some koindly person, who has such a
thing to spare,
To sind round a baby carriage big enough to howld the
pair."

Whoile Ned's heart was in his wagin he was payin' little
heed
To his mother's elocution, or the matther she moight
read ;

But whin she spoke o' babies, he stopped her in her
talk :

"How long before two babies could teach thimselves to
walk ? "

"Well, Ned, I'll try to answer, though your question's
very queer :
Ef they're Yankee-Irish babies, faith they'll larn widin
the year."

His heart was in a struggle—how to let his wagin go ;
For those precious little babies kept on pullin' at it so.

With his head laid on the wagin, fell asleep wid many
sighs ;
And his mother guessed the reason for the tears ran
from his eyes

Loike great drops of punctuation in his broken, sleepy
talk :—
“ A year—before—two babies—could teach—selves—
walk ; ”

Said his mother, in the mornin' : “ Why so early at yer
play ? ”
She didn't catch his answer, but she saw him run away

Up the strate and round the corner :—“ Faith, I know
what he's about ;
And he'll niver ate his breakfast till he takes those babies
out.

“ Such a noble little fellow : sure, ef death tore us
apart
I would shortly follow after wid me sad an' broken heart ;
“ An' I'd foind him way up yonder, wid a wagin by his
side,
Axin' all the baby angels—‘ Would they loike to take a
ride ? ’ ”

Pretty soon she heard him comin', full o' grief and full o'
joy :
“ Are ye laughin', Ned, or cryin' ? what's the matther
wid me boy ? ”

“ I wint round to Mrs. Farley’s, where those little babies
live,
An’ she axed me what I wanted, but I said I’d come to
give—

“ Give the little twins my wagin—though I stumbled in
me talk—
Ef she’d please to let me have it whin the babies larned
to walk ;

“ Thin she took me in an’ showed me how her little
house was full
Of those pretty baby wagins what yo’ push, and niver
pull :

“ Said the people ‘ koindly sent ’em !—God bless ye,
little lad ;
But I couldn’t take yer wagin : ’ Thin I cried, I was so
glad ! ”

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

ON the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
To vent their opinions of matters and things

On this side the Atlantic,

In language pedantic.

’Twas much the same gathering as any ship brings.

“ Ah, look ! ” said the Frenchman, with pride his lip
curled ;

“ See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world !

Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known !

Thus Bartholdi, he speak :

Vive la France—Amérique !

La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone !

Said the Scotchman : “ Na need o’ yer spakin’ sae free !
 The thing is na sma’, sir, that we canna see.
 Do ye think that wi’oot ye the folk couldna tell ?
 Sin’ ’tis Liberty’s Statye,
 I kenna why that ye
 Didna keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel’ ! ”

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye ;
 “ ’Pon ’onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high !
 A monstwosity, weally, too large to be seen !
 In pwoportion, I say,
 It’s too large faw the Bay.
 So much larger than one we’ve at ’ome of the Queen ! ”

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage :
 “ I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
 I call-a ‘ Bartholdi,’—Frenchman got spunky—
 Call-a me ‘ Macaroni,’
 Lose-a me plenty moany !
 He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey !

“ My-a broder a feesherman : hear-a what he say :
 No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay ;
 He drop-a de sein,—he no get-a de weesh.
 When he make-a de grab-a,
 Only catch-a de crab-a,
 De big-a French image scare away all de feesh ! ”

“ By the home rule ! ” said Pat, “ and is *that* Libertee ?
 She’s the biggest old woman that iver I see !
 Phy don’t she sit down ? ’Tis a shame she’s to stand.
 But the truth is, Oi’m towld
 That the stone is too cowl.
 Would ye moind the shillalah she holds in her hand ! ”

Said the Cornishman: "Thaät's noä 'shillalah,' ye scaämp !

Looäks to I like Diogenes' 'ere wi' 'is laämp,
Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith, that is true,"

Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
Fur he's lookin' my way,
And by the same favor don't *recognize* you !"

"Shust wait unt I dolt you," said Hans ; "vats der matter,

It vas von of dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der vater
Unt she hat noddings on ; unt der vintry vind plows,
Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
She vent to der cidy,
Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

Says the Yankee : "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger ;
And I reckon you strangers haint seen nuthin' bigger.
Wal, I haint much on boastin' but I'll go my pile :

When you furreners cum

You'll find her to hum !

Dew I mean what I say ? Wal, somewhat—I should smile !"

"Me no sabee you Foleners ; too muchee talkee !

You no like Idol, you heap takee walkee.

Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee,

Him Unclee Sam gal-ee ;

Catch um lain, no umblallee !

Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee !"

LITTLE TIM'S TOBACCO.

STOOD the grocer on the counter, ranging goods upon the shelf ;

Having no one to converse with he was talking to himself,

When little Tim came toddling up and gazing round the store,

Until his stock of patience wouldn't serve him any more.

" Pray, Mister man, dest listen a 'ittle bit to me !

Has 'oo dot some tobacco ? I dess 'at's it I see !

" And is it dood for smokin' ? And please dive me a lot ;
I's brought along a penny and 'ants the best 'oo's dot."

The grocer's hearty laughter dies into a tender smile,
As he thinks of such a darling he once followed down
the aisle.

In that package of tobacco he somehow forgets to weigh,
If he cheats himself, no matter, makes it up some other
day.

And little Tim comes often with his penny to the store ;
And the man with careless guessing gives each time a
little more.

Till one day the grocer asks the little fellow, just in fun :
" Since you buy so much tobacco, do you smoke, my little
son ? "

" Tobacco wasn't made, I dess, for tiny 'ittle folks ;
I buys it for my dranpa, sir, because my dranpa smokes.

“ He hasn’t had much tumfort since my precious mamma died,
And papa brought anozzer lady which he talls his bride.

“ She burned all ze tobacco—said it was a vicious taste :
Since he hadn’t any money he’d have none of hers to waste ;

“ And she moved him to ze garret, where I always goes to play ;
So I takes him zis tobacco and I lets him smoke a’l day ;

“ For he’s very, very feeble and he’s noffin else to do ;
If it is a waste o’ money, it’s a heap o’ tumfort too :

“ Please to dive me all you tan, sir, and I’ll dive you my last penny,
For I’s toot ’em from my bank at home until zer isn’t any ! ”

“ Keep your penny ! ” said the grocer, “ that’s your change, my little dear !
For tobacco is much cheaper.” Ah, ’tis cheaper by a tear !

And the grocer’s eyes are filling till he has to walk apart ;
For that rebate on tobacco leaves a surplus in his heart.

Said little Tim, one morning : “ I’s a sorrow to impart,
For I’s tum to tell you, grocer, that I’s dot a broken heart !

“ I’s brought back ze tobacco.” And he hung his curly head—

“ I dess I’ll never need it, betause my dranpa’s dead !

"He was talkin' 'bout ze angels—'Look!' he said,
'zey're tumin' now!'
Though I looked I touldn't see em: I don't know zem
anyhow;

"But I dess they don't like smokin' 'tause ze pipe
dropped from his hand
As he said, 'Dood-by'; and somepin' which I touldn't
understan'.

"Here's hes pipe and ze tobacco; please to put 'em on
ze shelf;
For when papa's old and feeble he might want to smoke
heself.

"Den I'll have to tum an' dit 'em—you tan guess ze rea-
son why—
For I'll teep him in ze garret where he let my dranpa
die!"

"Retribution!" sighed the grocer, as Tim toddled out of
sight;
"Life is full of retribution! and that little fellow's
right!"

"THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR!"

I REMEMBER New Year's morning hearing dear old
grandma say:
"You'll be doing all the year just what you're doing New
Year's Day,"
When my face lit up with blushes and the happiness in
store
As a certain handsome fellow tied his horses at my door.

For he took me out a-sleighbg on that happy New Year
time,
And my heart kept beating faster than the merry sleigh-
bells' chime ;
Then he tucked the furs in closer 'till I thought I'd have
to scold
When he, blushing, softly muttered : " Dear, I hope you
are not cold ! "

Then I said : " Look here,
Don't you call me *dear*,
Or else you'll keep on calling the remainder of the year ! "

You have seen the barren branches fresh baptized with
evening rain,
Decked with diamonds in the morning with white velvet
robes *en train* ;
Myriad crystals in the branches, dazzling prisms in the
snow ;
Just the day of all the season nature most delights in show,
And it seemed this glorious morning, as we rode out in
the sleigh,
The Almighty had robbed heaven in the making of the day.
Then he kissed me as I happened to be gazing at the sky,
Saying : " Nature wears her jewels when the queen is
riding by. "

Yes, he kissed me here,
Till I had to interfere.
Or he might have kept on kissing the remainder of the
year.

Have you never been so happy that you felt your being
thrill,
Longing for the power of Joshua to bid the sun stand
still ;

Just to make the day eternal, lest before another dawn,
In the dreamy hours of slumber, all your happiness be
gone?

Thus we rode 'neath arching branches while the sleigh-
bells' music rare

Echoed through that crystal palace God had builded in
the air,

When this Joshua the younger bade his handsome horses
stay,

While he asked me if I'd wed, and coaxed me not to
answer nay.

As he drew me near

I answered "Yes," for fear

The rascal would keep coaxing the remainder of the year.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

EXCUSE a blind old soldier if too eager in his quest
To feel the copper button on the lapel of your breast.
I've been so blind I haven't seen a comrade since the
war,

But know the grip of fellowship found in the G. A. R.

I know you are a hero, though you tell me not your
name,

So I shall call you comrade, for the meaning's just the
same.

I've come to see the general—he's here, I understand ;
Now, comrade, lead me to him, for I'd like to shake his
hand.

I know it is an honor,

But you'll tell him this for me,

That I marched down with Sherman

From Atlanta to the sea.

'Twas them arch of all the ages—Chattanooga to the sea,
Then back again to Richmond, one long march of
victory !

Three thousand miles of marching, with a hundred
thousand men,

And a thousand banners flying—there was plenty fight-
ing then ;

For 'tis something more than marching, with the
elements at play

And the swarthy storm-king flinging his battalions in
the way.

It is something more than marching where every step
you go

You are forced to fight with Nature and a still more
stubborn foe.

I could tell you all about it
If you'd listen unto me,
For I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

I could tell you all about it, and the reason why 'twas
done ;

For oftentimes the greatest battle is with smallest carnage
won !

Those great chieftains—Grant and Sherman, peerless
military twain—

Planned to settle the rebellion in a double-fold campaign ;
While Grant held Lee at Richmond, Sherman, marching
through the South,

Cut off hope and all resources save what's in the
cannon's mouth.

When your enemy is helpless it is just the same, you know,
As when you've thrust a rapier through the vitals of a foe.

Yes, I'm a blind old veteran,
But proud as I can be
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Lee well knew those marching thousands meant his final
overthrow,
And to yield far greater conrage than cause useless
blood to flow.
Had those concentrated armies—veteran blue and
veteran gray—
Sought to settle the rebellion in one final, fatal fray,
Fate's red history of battles would have held another page
With recital of a carnage never known in any age ;
And the sunset of rebellion would have made the earth
more red
With the blood of many thousands than the sunset over-
head.

When I am dead, my comrade,
'Tis enough to say of me :
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Some gained their fame at Gettysburg, when fame was
nearly lost.
At Fredericksburg, Antietam, too, 'twas learned what
fame may cost.
One climbed to fame on Lookout, fighting far above the
clouds.
At Mobile Bay one sailed to fame, lashed to the flag-
ship shrouds.
One rode to fame at Winchester ! At Appomattox
town,
Upon a modest soldier glory laid a modest crown,

And however many battles owe success to Sherman's
name
As the mighty man of marches he'll be always known to
fame.

What? You were down through Georgia?
Then you must have marched with me,
When I marched down with Sherman,
From Atlanta to the sea.

Let's give three cheers for Sherman : Hurrah ! hurrah !
hurrah !

Why are you silent, comrade? Is there something in
your craw?

What! profess to be a comrade, and yet refuse to cheer
The grandest of all generals? What motive brings you
here?

Why come to these reunions if you haven't any soul?
There's a home for crippled soldiers who are neither
sound nor whole;

Why, you're more deserving pity, sir, and pension, too, I
swan,

Than those poor shattered veterans with arms and legs
all gone!

You won't cheer Uncle Billy?
Then you can't shake hands with me!
For I marched down with Sherman,
From Atlanta to the sea.

Why, there's not another being in this nation, I dare say,
Not even yon Confederate—brave enemy in gray—
On such a grand occasion would refuse to cheer, when
bid,

The man who saved the Union, or led the men who did.

Uncle Billy loved the soldiers, for he had a heart within—

I heard him down in Georgia shout above the battle din,
We were rather busy fighting, but this sentence I recall:
“You brave boys who do the fighting, you’re the heroes
after all!”

What? You are General Sherman?
Then you’ll have to cheer for me!
For I marched down behind you,
From Atlanta to the sea.

THE ORTHOD-OX TEAM.

“HOLD on, stranger! Turn out yonder, close to the
wall!

For the road’s rather narrow and I’ve got it all!

Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist,
whoa!

These are oxen that need all the road you must know,
Yes, I drive without swearin’, though strange it may
seem,

For I’m drivin’, good stranger, my orthod-ox team!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed,
He’s more noted for style than he is for his speed.
Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,
But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.
He’s a good, pious ox, never losin’ his way,
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“There’s the good Baptist ox : he’s hard shell to the bone ;

Close communion in diet—he eats all alone !

Shakes his head when it’s rainin’ and closes his eyes ;

He hates to be sprinkled, though it come from the skies !

Why, he won’t cross a bridge unless dragged by the team !

He’ll go nowhere, I swan, but down into the stream !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“Presbyterian, gee ! Congregational, haw !

They’re good stock, let me tell you, and know how to draw !

They’re so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk

Can tell ’em apart when they’re out of the yoke !

But you see a slight difference when it is shown :

One leans on his elders and one stands alone !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“There’s an ox I term Israel, oldest of all ;

Once he grazed in the garden before Adam’s fall ;

He went into the ark at the time of the flood,

And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin’ his cud !

There’s an ancestry, sir, full of glory no doubt,

But for goring the Master they’re scattered about !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“I’ve an ox over there who tends strictly to ’biz !”

He’s the Catholic ox : what a monster he is !

And he keeps growin’ big, while he keeps growin’ old !

And he never lets go where he once gets a hold !

He’s a strong one, you bet ! why, I never yet spoke

But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“There’s old Methodist, one of the best on the road !
You’d suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load !
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout ;
But the worst of it is, he keeps changin’ about !
He was bought on probation, and works like a top ;
But I’ve had him three years and suppose I must
swop !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“That suave Universalist many admire
Thinks the devil’s a myth with his great prairie fire !
There’s an Adventist, claimin’ to have second sight ;
If he keeps on a-guessin’ he’ll guess the thing right !
And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers are such
If they do break the Sabbath they don’t break it much !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“Got a Spiritist ? Yes, sir ; I bought one by chance ;
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance !
Nothin’ practical, sir, in a medium ox,
When you have to keep proddin’ with rappin’s and
knocks !

But I must keep movin’ and ploddin’ along
With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts !
You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts,
I’m sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out ;
But this is the regular lumberman’s route !
On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme ;
All the world must turn out for my Orthod-ox team !”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

OLD GLORY.

BRIGHT mantle of freedom ! what beauty
Shines out from each delicate fold !
Man defends it from love, not from duty—
A love that makes valor more bold ;
Rushing on to his death
With a prayer on his breath ;
And the soul that ascends when the patriot dies
Stops to kiss the bright folds on its way to the skies.

The baby, forsaking his rattle,
A tiny flag waves in his glee ;
And later, with innocent prattle,
He calls it his “ F’ag of the f’ee ” !
He’s as proud as a lord
When a lad with tin sword,
Driving pigs and the chickens out under the bars,
His first battle is won with the Stripes and the Stars.

When a youth, in that proud, martial manner,
He walks with the men on parade,
You may see, in his love of the banner,
The stuff of which soldiers are made.
From the forge and the farm
Comes at war’s first alarm !
As a freeman, defending the flag of the free,
Can you find, through the world, better soldier than he ?

When a man forsakes all occupation
That he may do battle, you know
He will yield up his life for the nation
Ere he yield up his flag to the foe !

With *white* face low-lying,
He sees it still flying ;
His *azure* coat spattered with life's *crimson* hue :
Still loyal in death with his red, white, and blue.

Even Benedict Arnold, the traitor,
From the depths of oblivion prayed ;
Beseeching with tears his Creator
To bless the dear flag he betrayed.
 'Twas the gold in the dross !
 As the thief on the Cross.

In his last cry for mercy was pitied by Heaven,
So Liberty holds her first traitor forgiven.

Those bright colors that fade in the even
Are caught in the sunset on high ;
Transferred to the blue field of heaven
Those stars shine all night in the sky !
 And the morning's first glory
 Tells one simple story,
As it brings back each star and bright color again :
Day and night and forever our flag shall remain !

As soft as the great eagle's pinion
It floats on the much softer air ;
Where none may dispute its dominion
And none with its beauty compare !
 Should the whole world assail
 It could never prevail !
Ere its bright folds be trampled by conquering heel
Every blade in the meadow shall turn into steel !

Bright proof of the patriot's story,
Its legend is ever the same.
We may add many stars to its glory
But never a stripe to its fame !

Over old Bunker Hill
Are its folds waving still,
Like an old Continental come out of the past !
'Twas for liberty born—'twill for liberty last !

With Liberty's statue commanding
The great eastern gate of the free ;
And the Lone Mountain cross ever standing
At Golden Gate, there by the sea—
Consecrating the sod
To freedom and God—
Shall Old Glory its folds in that sun ever toss
Which, rising on Liberty, sets on the Cross.

NANCY HANKS.

" BORN in the woods, and raised thar too,
I love the forest through and through ;
I love to hear those giants hoary
Tell younger trees the endless story
About the ages long ago,
And heaps o' things that I don't know !
With all the leaves a-noddin' to ye ;
And birds that sing as if they knew ye.
This outside world I never prized ;
It's gittin' too much civilized !
But I came down to see the pranks
O' this 'ere marvel, Nancy Hanks !
Homely name, aint it ?

" ' What's in a name ? ' Wal, I'll be bound,
It's owin' to how ye make it sound ;

The meanest name will sound the best,
When he who owns it does the rest ;
And this 'ere royal little mar'
Has made her name known everywhar' !
For she's got speed enough to win,
No matter what she trots agin.
And havin' nothin' else would chime,
They raced her 'ginst old Father Time :
This Nancy Hanks, the little elf,
First beats the world ; then beats herself !
Homely name, aint it ?

“ A trotter always does the best
With some good runnin' horse abreast,
But Nancy left Abe Lincoln, sir,
Who thought to make the pace for her,
Away behind, an' losin' ground,
Just as a fox 'll leave a hound !
But talk o' sulkies, I declare,
She snaked that bicycle affair,
With rubber tires an' spindle spokes,
As though she meant to show the folks
That Nancy's beauty and her speed
Were owin' to Kentucky breed.
Homely name, aint it ?

“ She sets ten thousand eager eyes
Ablaze with wonder. How she flies !
As swift as yonder frightened crow !
Now Doble nods to let her go,
An' 'fore ye think the race begun
She's past the quarter—thirty-one ;—
An' up the back stretch like a deer
Fleein' the hardy mountaineer.

No driver ever rode so fast !
Another quarter ! Will it last ?
The wingèd god has touched her shanks ;
She'll win, she'll win, 'tis Nancy Hanks !
Homely name, aint it ?

“ Around the turn she holds her own ;
The fastest quarter ever known !
The risin' multitude would shout,
But for the fear 'twould throw her out.
Excitement holds its breath ; each heart
Beats quick, as though it would impart
Fresh impulse to those flyin' feet,
To make success the more complete !
Fierce indignation bites the lip—
What, will he strike ? He's raised the whip ?
But lets the tassel kiss her flanks—
No hand shall scourge thee, Nancy Hanks !
Homely name, aint it ?

“ There speeds the queen of all her race !
She's comin' with the ease an' grace
A pigeon has when flyin' home !
No chariot race of ancient Rome
Raised such a shout ! She's past the wire !
She made old Father Time perspire !
A noble horse is just as good
As many of the human brood !
An' she so fired my heart an' soul
I hugged her, like she hugged the pole !
Along with all the other cranks
I raise my hat to Nancy Hanks.
Homely name, aint it ? ”

CRAZY VET.

JUST stand aside thar', strangah !
I reckon I'll see faiah play !
Fo' I, too, was a soldier,
Though I wo'e Confederate gray !
But I'll not see a veteran
Abused by swells like you—
Fo' fou' years' fightin' taught me
To respect that coat of *blue* !

Abusin' a wa'-wo'n soldier,
By callin' him " Crazy Vet,"
Is a mighty poo' way, I'm thinkin',
O' payin' a nation's debt !
You say : " His head was injured
By a bit of flying shell ? "
Well, I've a right smart notion
O' crackin' you' skulls as well !

I want to tell yo' my story :
When I joined " Stonewall Jack "
My mother and sister had plenty
To last 'em till I got back ;
When up come " Mosby's guerrillas "
And robbed 'em of all they had !
But Heaven kept 'em from starvin',
By sendin' a Union lad !

The advance of the Yankee army,
Left ou' home in their lines ;
And that young colonel's camp-fire
Was just beneath ou' pines !
He filled my mother's lardah

With the best he had in sto' !
And what with his fo'agin' soldiers,
The house wouldn't hold any mo' !

When I came home this story
Was told me, again and again ;
While teahs of regret came often,
To think I had fought such men !
But now I'm wo'th my thousands,
And looking fo' Colonel Grace !
And aftah months o' sarchin'
I'm told he's abeout this place !

I'd like yo' to help me find him :
Great Scott ! What's that yo' say ?
This is the man I'm seekin'
That you've to'mented that way ?
To send you home to the devil
Would be treatin' you fa' too well !
I would—but that the " new version "
Explodes the old-fashioned *hell* !

No ! no ! I begs you' pa'don—
I'm rathah rough in my way—
God bless yo' fo' this reunion
Between the " blue and the gray ! "
I'll seek some skillful surgeon
And repair the ill that's done ;
Then take him back to my mother,
Who calls him her *blue-coat son*.

And I don't mind you' knowin'
I've got a sister fair—
A wealth of love in her bosom,
A wealth of gold in her hair—

And *these two*--wal, no mattah !
But call him "*Crazy Vet*"
And I'll teach you Yanks a lesson
I reckon you'll not fo'get !"

PRETTY MAID OF SAN JOSÉ.

SUCH a sweet and lovely face,
Like an angel out of place,
Riding in a railway car.
Face no human praise could flatter ;
Couldn't keep from looking at her ;
Offered her some reading matter :
Asked if she was going far.

Precious lips ! I heard them say :
" Want to stop at San José.
Loss of sleep is such a pity !
If she took a little nap
Would I guard her from mishap,
Give her just a little tap ;
Wake her at the Garden City ? "

Saw her rosy cheek reclining
On my greatcoat's satin lining,
Placed upon her high-back seat.
Were I just a little bolder,
Were that coat upon my shoulder,
Sleep and I might both enfold her—
Sentinels of maiden sweet.

Pleasant duty—heart was in it ;
Watched her closely every minute ;
Every minute closer, too !

Would I watch her ? would I wake her ?
Would I let conductor shake her ?
Would I let the newsboy take her ?
Gentle stranger, what would you ?

Train had never gone so fast !
Wished the ride would always last !
Was her slumber very deep ?
Should I wake her with caressing—
Do a kindness by transgressing—
Snatching thus another blessing
From the precious boon of sleep ?

No one there to interfere !
Dangerous to get so near
To a pretty traveler !
Rosy lips, could not resist 'em !
Little closer, then I kissed 'em !
Wouldn't for the world have missed 'em,
When I found how sweet they were.

Cupid kept her eyes, I'm certain,
Holding down each velvet curtain—
He's a thief, the little elf !
To her silken lashes clinging ;
To and fro, with laughter swinging,
" One for me," he kept on singing,
" Then another for yourself !"

With a laugh each one he greeted :
Laughed the more the more I cheated—
Said I wasn't playing fair !
Overkissing indiscreet ;
Judgment's gone when sweet lips meet ;
Angel kisses, if more sweet,
Make one sigh—they are so rare.

Felt her breath, for I presume
One can feel the sweet perfume
From the roses of the lips.
Sleep is sweet to those who love it ;
Hers was sweet, I tasted of it ;
Took another, just to prove it—
Couldn't let such chances slip.

Then she wakened with a smile
That would any heart beguile.
Thanked me in a pleasant way ;
Thanked me with her head a-bobbing ;
Thanked me with my heart a-throbbing ;
Thanked the robber for his robbing—
Pretty maid of San José.

But to punish me for stealing,
Stole my heart the theft revealing.
To arrest us both that day
Cupid changed his occupation—
Played the sheriff at the station.
Sentence, life incarceration
With the maid of San José.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

JOHN loved his young wife as the flower loves the dew ;
She thought she could not live without him ;
He vowed that to her he would ever be true—
He vowed as the rest of the young husbands do ;
She vowing she never would doubt him.

One morning John left, through a habit pernicious,
His overcoat down in the hall ;

“ Ahem ! ” quoth the wife, “ the occasion’s propitious
To test John’s fidelity ; though not suspicious,
I’ll peep in his pockets, that’s all.

“ A bundle of letters ? and tied with a bow ?
The perfume is attar of roses !
Ah, they’re from his mother, who worships him so ;
Although not inquisitive, I’d like to know
Just how she begins, and how closes.

“ ‘ My own precious love ! ’ Just what I used to say !
‘ From Helen, your own until death ! ’
Why, that’s not his mother’s name—‘ Caroline May ? ’
And why has he torn off the envelopes, pray ?
Suspicion quite shortens my breath !

“ The goose that I am—’tis some sweetheart of old !
Suspicion shall not blanch my cheek—
How foolish to doubt him—the date would have told ;
And yet they’re not musty, there’s no trace of mould—
Great Heavens ! They’re dated this week !

“ They’re burning with love ! Oh, my poor heart will
break !
While I’m scarcely more than a bride.
My John to prove faithless—the villain, the rake !
I’ll quickly repair to my chamber and take
That last step in life—suicide !

“ I’d leap from the window—but as it’s not dark
I’d look such a fright in the fall !
I’d die by his pistol—but when cold and stark
There’d be on my temple a black powder mark
And a horrid great hole from the ball !

“ My corpse mutilated would spoil the effect,
For I must look lovely in death !
Cut my throat with his razor—oh, let me reflect—
’Twould sever my windpipe, and then, I expect
I never could draw my last breath !

“ Should I drown myself down where the water is clear,
By the mill in the deep, placid race ?—
The fishes would eat me ! No, no ! then I fear
I’ll have to hang up by the big chandelier !—
And then I’ll turn black in the face.

“ I might light the fire with the kerosene can
And go where all treachery ceases ;
I’d do it with dynamite were I a man—
No, no ! I’ll die easy by some other plan,
And not leave my corpse all in pieces.

“ I’ll ask the French druggist, just over the way,
For something to poison the cat.
The gripings and spasms are dreadful, they say,
And poison I’ll take without any delay,
Though it do puff me up like a rat.

“ Oh, tell me, thou prince of all druggists and leechers,
What poison you keep in this place
For rats, those unhappy—I mean pesky creatures,
To let them die easy, not puff up their features,
Nor make them turn black in the face ? ”

“ Ah, madam, I geeve you ze grandest powdaire
Zat make ze rat sweetaire ven deat ;
Zo mooch you feel sorry you keel him, by gaire !
Ze rat die so zgently, you see him you svear
He vas only asleep in ze bet !

“Vaire small, leetal pinch eez a dose ; vat you geef
Depend on ze size of ze rat.
Ze rat, ven he leetal, eez vaire sen-sa-tief ;
Von biege rat, deesconsolate, no vish to lief,
Zjust gief him a teaspoon of zat.”

At home in her chamber the poison she took,
And rolling in agony lay,
When John, coming back for that coat on the hook,
Found mounted the stairs, with an agonized look
Where his wife groaned in sweet disarray.

“Why, Mame, what’s the matter?” “O John! pray
explain
These letters I found in your coat?”
“That coat was my partner’s, worn home in the rain!”
“Not yours? Quick! I’m poisoned! ’tis racking my
brain!
To the druggist—get some antidote!”

To the druggist he rushed—“Sir, you’ve poisoned my
Mame.”

Said the Frenchman :—“Keep on ze apparel!
She vant ze rat poison—but I know ze game—
Vat don’t black ze face of ze rat? Ven she came
Ze powdaire of sugaire I gave! All ze same
She will lief eef she eat ze whole barrel!”

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

UNDERNEATH the shady willow
Resting on a grassy pillow,
Slept a maiden fair.
Overhead a sparrow swinging,
On the graceful branches clinging,
To the maiden pertly singing,
"Sweet one, have a care!"

Sang the goldfinch to the maiden,
Every note with love words laden,
"Let the beauty sleep!
Though her eyes are under cover
She can see her precious lover;
Dreams he's near and thinking of her:
See the blushes creep!"

Spoke the little chickadee:
"I'll pretend that I am he.
Down to her I'll fly!
Give her pretty nose a tweak,
Rub my wing against her cheek,
Softly, like a mustache sleek;
That will ope her eye."

"Pretty creature!" said the robin.
"I will set her heart a-throbbin',
I am used to this.
Lips as rosy as a berry,
I know how to pick a cherry,
Make her think it is her Jerry
Come to steal a kiss."

Said the catbird, "I object !
Pretty maidens I protect !
 Kiss her? No, you shan't !
Make a scene right here before us ?
Folks 'll wonder what's come o'er us :
Better wake her with a chorus ;
 Let's all join a chant ! "

"Such a clamor is a pity !
Let me sing a tender ditty,"
 Said the little wren.
"Sing her something soft and pleasing ;
After that a little teasing,
Give her hand a little squeezing,
 Like the naughty men !

"Here's the golden-throated lark !
Coming, with a message. Hark !
 What a heavenly tune : "
"Through the buttercups so yellow
I have seen this handsome fellow
Coming with his heart right mellow ;
 Now we'll watch 'em spoon ! "

Sang the redbird, "What a treat !
I must pick me out a seat ;
 Too-ri-loo-ri-loo !
I can watch 'em through the leaves.
Strange a maiden never grieves
At the many she receives,
 When one kiss should do ! "

Sang the little queen canary :
"There's no need to be contrary ;
 Lips were made to eat !

Words were never made to utter
When the heart is in a flutter,
That's why lovers always stutter—
 ' Love is v-v-very sw-sw-sweet ! ' ”

All began to smile and wink ;
“ Stop it ! ” cried the bobolink,
 “ Pass around a few !
All is true that we have heard ;
Man makes love just like a bird ;
Takes a kiss at every word,
 Sometimes taking two.”

THE PASTOR'S WOOING.

THEY considered the pastor a trifle too young
For the staid congregation he'd settled among ;
Yet the deacon admitted he never had heard
Such a natural reading of Holy Word :—
'Twas the voice of the soul with the tone of a bell ;
 And the verdict so just
 Was taken in trust
By the good deacon's beautiful daughter, Nell.

The handsome young pastor was modest, devout ;
Always treading the path which he pointed them out ;
But the best of his sermons, by common accord,
Was an able discourse on the love of the Lord ;
And he treated the subject remarkably well—
 But his thoughts often ran
 On the love of a man—
On the love of a clergyman young, for Nell

His sermons grew tender and so did his heart ;
Shooting arrows of truth, yet receiving the dart
From the soft eyes of Nell, with their aim doublefold ;
Thus love made him timid where faith made him bold ;
And the secret remained which he never dared tell ;

He could preach well, and pray,
If his heart would but stay
In the pulpit, and not in the pew there with Nell.

His preaching became such a labor of love,
With its constant communion below and above ;
While he sat in the pulpit, ere service begun,
With his head on his hand as is commonly done,
If he peeped through his fingers, why no one could tell ;

Though he knew it was human
To gaze on fair woman,
He deemed it not wicked to gaze upon Nell.

For the youth of his flock he was fervent in prayer ;
But one morning in church certain gossips declare—
By a slip of the tongue, by an error of speech,
Though the pastor undoubtedly meant to beseech
The good Lord to keep all the young men from—well—

That eternal shade,
He certainly prayed
The good Lord to keep all the young men from Nell.

To consult him on matters of Church and of State,
As we term a church fair and no truth violate,
Nell had called at the study—the door stood ajar,
The pastor was kneeling, as often they are ;
She could not retreat without breaking the spell ;

With her eyes on the floor,
Waiting there at the door,
Like a vision of love stood the beautiful Nell.

He was praying for all, but as one might infer,
Grew most eloquent when he was pleading for her!
Why he singled her out she could not understand,
Till she heard him ask God for her heart and her hand.
No petition ere suited a maiden so well—

It is piety rare

When Cupid's at prayer—

For he told to his God what he should have told Nell.

As angels appeared to the sainted of yore,
She knelt by his side on the carpeted floor;
Put her soft hand in his as a silent "Amen!"
He soon found the vision was mortal—and then
He, blushing, caressed her, nor could she rebel,

For was she not there

In answer to prayer?

Thus God joined together the pastor and Nell.

It was heaven to him gazing into her eyes,
It was heaven to him with the blue of the skies;
In the thought of an angel becoming his bride,
He forgot all the angels but her at his side;
And love's sweet forgetfulness over them fell

Till she said: "I declare,

We forget the Church Fair!"

He replied: "I'm now holding the fair—holding Nell!"

FOREIGNERS AT THE FAIR.

SAID the Englishman : " W'at's all this bloomin' wow ?
 An w'ere is Chicago, anyhow ?
 I've 'eard abeout yo'r Columbian show ;
 An' abeout yo'r Columbus, don' cher know !
 The Prince infawmed me that 'e was the cove
 Who discovahd yo'r blawsted ceountry, bah Jove !
 An' cwossed the wahtaw, His 'Ighness tells,
 In three little chocolate *caramels* ! "

Then Italy spoke : " Greata beega show !
 I sella da banan', catch da mon' to go !
 I tella da peopl' I wasa descend
 From Colombo ; dey scratcha da nose on da end !
 Man Christof Colomb' was a greata man :
 He discova da world for d' American.
 But they draga to preeson, chain lika da dog,
 When Is'bella find out he discova Chicag' ! "

" Hoot, lad ! I'm fra Scootlan', but canna find oot,
 Fra yer garlicky tongue what ye're ta'kin' about !
 Ef ye canna spak English, an' spak withoot flaw,
 As I do mysel', dinna spak it at a' !
 Ye'll not mak' musicians by turnin' a crank ;
 Till ye learn on the bagpipe ye'll niver take rank.
 To discoover the counthree, Columbus did well,
 But ye're sp'ilin' it a', comin' over yersel' ! "

" Wal, I'm from the wild an' the woolly West ;
 An' thar's jist one thing I wanter suggest :
 That yo' call this y'ar the Chicago Fair,
 An' not the Corlumbian ! Neow take care !
 Fur this is the biggest city on earth,
 Ef yo' take it in height, er take it in girth ;

We're growin' so fast we've got ter make
A petition that Providence move the lake."

"You vas beat the veorld!" said the traveling Jew;
"You vas on der beat—I vas onto you!
It vas called der 'Vindy Cidy,' I know,
Because der beoble vas on der blow.
Der greatest cidy for hogs un' porok!
Dat's vy der Hebrew remains in Ny-Yorok.
I discover dis fact ven I pays my bill—
You vas keep some hogs vich you neffer kill!"

"It's wuth a heap, stranger, 'twixt me an' yeou,
A-gittin' the best of a New York Jew!
We've got the push, an' we've got the go;
An' we're showin' New York how a city should grow.
We taught them dude Knickerbockers a trick
By gittin' the Fair, an' a-gittin' 'er slick;
An' a-bringin' 'er up to the present stage—
'Twas the greatest feat of the modern age!"

Said Patrick: "I've heard all about yer big feet!
But Oi'll not mintion that ef ye'll promise to treat!
They charged me fur wather out here at the Fair;
Oi've been howldin' me breath lest they charge me fur air.
But why they should wish to be fillin' the land
Wid those half-grown Oitalians, I can't understhand;
They discovered the counthry at others' expinse;
But they niver discovered a single thing since."

"You'll excuse me, Cunnel, ef I use my mouf,
I'se a cullud gemman fum away down Souf.
I was nuffin' but a niggah befo' de wah;
But now I rides in de palace caw!"

Who say Marse C'lumbus done 'scovah dees earf?
 Don' yo' know dey was Injuns heah on de turf,
 A-raisin' terbac' an' de Injun cawn,
 Befo' Marse C'lumbus he gwine to be bawn."

"I'm ze French gentleman' ! I come ovair to see
 Ze Fair, an' ze statue of French Libairtee :
 I ask ze bronze Lady, weez smile debonair,
 Vich enlighten ze voorld an' ze way to ze Fair,
 How she like ze great peopal? Vair well, but, my face,
 Turn black 'ven I try me to speak ze Anglais !
 Mon Dieu ! what a countree zes would have become
 Ef discovair by Frenchman instead of Colomb' !"

"Me heap sabe you ! You heap sabe me,
 Me Melican-citizen-heathen-Chinee :
 Me heap sabe C'lumbus ; him velley smart man—
 No sabe lay egg—heap sabe makee stan'.
 Heap sabe George Washman ; him velley lenoun' ;
 No likee climb chelly tlee, heap cut 'em down.
 Me alle same 'Washman,' him 'Georgee,' me 'John,'
 Him tellee no lie, gottee pigtail on."

THE MIRACLE OF CANA.

THE waterpots were filled at God's behest ;
 Yet in the marriage wine no grape was pressed !
 No tired feet the weary wine press trod
 To make this sacred vintage of our God !
 As nature doth proclaim a power divine,
 Each drop of moisture turned itself to wine.

In spite of arguments in Jesus met,
 The world is full of doubting skeptics yet ;

Believing naught in heaven or earth divine,
They doubt this miracle of Palestine ;
They find the Holy Bible filled with flaws,
And pin their doubting faith to Nature's laws.

Ye scoffers of our sacred Lord, pray tell
Who tinted first the water in the well ?
Who painted atmospheric moisture blue ?
And gave the ocean waves their constant hue ?
Whose moisture raised in clouds all colors lack ;
The fleecy ones so white, the storm king black,
Save where the evening sun's bright rays incline
To turn this fleecy moisture into wine,
And lay a benediction on them all
Like purple grapes hung on a golden wall ?
'Twas thus our Lord a sacred radiance shed,
Slow turning Cana's water vintage red.

If lilies at His bidding from the soil
Spring up, that neither know to spin nor toil ;
In beauty yet more gorgeously arrayed
Than he of old who that great temple made,
Then why may not the gentle evening's dew,
At God's command take on a ruddy hue ?

This whirling, surging world was made by One
Who might have made the wine as rivers run ;
Yet put a sweeter nectar in the rills,
Fresh rippling from the vintage of the hills.

Watch Nature's miracle when day is dead,
And blushing Helios, his good-night said,
Slow dipping his hot face in cooling brine,
Turns all the ocean billows into wine,

The sun and rain stretch o'er the earth a bow,
With tints more beautiful than wine can show ;
A frescoed arch in gorgeous colors seven—
A bridge where weak belief may walk to heaven.

Sometimes, athwart a sunset on the plain,
A passing storm cloud drops its ruby rain,
Because a God, whose face is hid from view,
Lets just a little glory filter through
This great libation poured at Nature's shrine
To fill Sol's golden cup with evening wine.

Since Nature doth such miracles perform
Why may not He who makes and rules the storm,
Of all His miracles the first and least,
Tint a few drops for Cana's wedding feast ?

The greatest marriage at the end shall be
When Time is wedded to Eternity !
All bidden are, the greatest and the least,
To taste the wine at heaven's great wedding feast !
Where all the ransomed universe shall sing,
Hosanna ! to the everlasting King !

THE MILLER'S MAID.

NATURE, ever fickle jade,
Squandered treasure on the Maid
Of the Mill ;
Gave her eyes of such rare blue
That her soul kept peeping through,
" Will-he-nill."

On his handsome chestnut-brown
Sat the heir of half the town,

Reining in his horse enchanted with the vision on the
hill ;
Fresh from college halls was he ;
Fell in love ?—Well, let me see—
But the story's told much sweeter by the Maiden of the
Mill !

“ But he knew not what to say,
So he asked of me the way
To the mill ;
It was just to make me speak,
For it stood there by the creek
'Neath the hill !
It is difficult to frown
On such loving eyes and brown,
So I raised my arm and pointed just a moment down the
hill ;
All he did was stand and stare
At my plump arms white and bare,
Till I had to doubt this handsome fellow's business at
the mill !

“ ‘ Since you have no grist to grind
Why so anxious, sir, to find
Father's mill ?
But the mill you'll never see
While you stand and gaze at me—
Think you will ? ’
Then I thought I heard him say,
As he threw a kiss this way :
‘ I think I see the building at the bottom of the hill ! ’
But I threw his kisses back
While I bade him get a sack
And take his many kisses to be ground up at the mill !

" Now he brings a grist each day
 Which he never takes away
 From the mill.
 When I ask the reason why
 He will smile and make reply :
 ' When you will !'
 It is plain as plain can be
 By his grist he's meaning *me*,
 For my heart is ground up finer than the corn within the
 mill ;
 And he says, his gold he'll share
 For the gold that's in my hair !
Will I wed him ? Well, I'm human, and I rather think
 I will ! "

THE CALIFORNIA FLEA.

The California flea may be termed the insect clown or merry-maker, for, although the cause of universal annoyance, he is the source of more amusement and laughter than all other insects together. Let one of a company of friends be annoyed by a flea and the fact is immediately discovered by the others from the restless twisting, turning, and wriggling ; whereupon the laugh begins. Even in church, if you shrug a shoulder or catch your sleeve as if to turn something over, everyone knows you are troubled by a flea. This mischievous little pest is omnipresent, and never quiet except when overfed, or when its feet and legs get tangled in a woolen garment or blanket. The flea is caught between the thumb and forefinger, which have been previously moistened to enable one to hold him, for unless the greatest care is taken he will jump away.

By " Forty-niners " is meant those early pioneers who went to California in the gold excitement in 1849.

A TINY jumping apple seed,
 That doth on saint and sinner feed
 With equal relish, equal greed,
 Born of assurance ;
 An appetite beyond his need
 And our endurance.

When Eve the famous apple ate,
The seeds began to propagate ;
And like a dire avenging fate,
 With instinct human,
Have, since that very ancient date,
 Been eating woman.

This pretty little parasite
Will keep a body in a plight :
At first he'll tickle, then he'll bite,
 While each relation
Hops round as though his sole delight
 Was recreation.

The precious maiden, sweet and fair,
Will twist and wriggle in her chair,
Regardless of the presence there
 Of friend or lover :
She grabs the flea, ere he's aware,
 And turns him over.

It's little matter where you are,
That hungry flea is always "thar."
E'en while you ride the cable car
 He keeps on walking ;
He's bound to travel just as far
 Beneath your stocking ;

A misery that rarely shows,
For you're the only one that knows ;
It being just beneath your clothes,
 You cannot catch it ;
The bite's the least of all your woes—
 You dare not scratch it,

While sitting quietly in church
They creep about you in the search
Of ticklish point on which to perch
 And then slide back,
As frisky boys with sudden lurch
 Slide down a stack.

The pious deacon bows his chin,
Repeating Adam's primal sin ;
But ere he fairly can begin
 His day's devotion,
This little devil bites his skin
 To change his notion.

In church the righteous flea is given
To fasting six days out of seven ;
The play-house flea, fed every even,
 Is not so needy—
Thus man against his will is driven
 Where they're less greedy.

A woman is the most abused ;
Just when you think she's most amused,
She'll sweetly beg to be excused.
 And quick retire
To some apartment then unused,
 For vengeance dire.

Although you're very entertaining,
Don't censure her for not remaining ;
Some miseries are past explaining ;
 Wait patiently,
She'll come, her wonted smile regaining,
 Minus a flea.

No living thing can jump as high ;
Far quicker than a woman's eye ;
He's bound to prove an alibi,
 And never lingers
To let man catch him, though he try
 With moistened fingers.

You'll never catch him in the bed,
Unless, perchance, he's overfed,
Or tangled in the woolen spread.
 Mind how you trust him ;
Pinch how you will he's never dead
 Until you " bust " him.

Our native flea no better thrives
Than when the " tenderfoot " arrives ;
At first the stranger thinks it's hives,
 Then grows dejected,
Blaming those bugs that spend their lives
 In beds neglected.

Next day he's forced to change his mind,
Yet dares not look for fear he'll find
An insect of a meaner kind,
 That's ever toiling
Some lazy soldier to remind
 His shirt needs boiling.

These strangers say the strangest things :
" Why, your mosquito has no wings !
All through the night he bites and stings
 Till early morning,
Yet out of meanness never sings
 To give us warning ! "

At first all strangers blush with shame
Until they find this doubtful game
Infesting all mankind the same—
 Black or Circassian.
How soon small vices lose their name
 When they're in fashion !

As yon policeman he will stray
Around your suburbs night and day,
Stopping betimes where'er he may
 To take a " nip,"
But when you want him he's away—
 You've got the slip.

Our lawyers strange emotions trace
Upon the Judge's mobile face,
Believing they have won their case
 In " Common Pleas,"
To find 'twas owing to a brace
 Of common fleas.

Our Seal of State : A maiden fair,
Enthroned beside a grizzly bear,
" *Eureka* " blazoned on the air,
 With stars around it,
Which means, as people are aware,
 The flea, " I've found it."

The " Forty-niner " stroked his breast—
" Contented here my soul shall rest
If this uneasy little pest,
 This ' pioneer,'
And ' Native Son of the Golden West,'
 Don't interfere ! "

E'en now, as certain symptoms show,—
A restless moving to and fro,—
There's something troubling you, I know;
 You've got a flea.
If you'll excuse me, friends, I'll go—
 There's one on me.

— — —

THE FUNERAL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

MOURN, Great McGregor, mourn ! Thou youngest of
The mountains newly born, bow down thy head
And weep into the valley rivulets
Of tears. Draw 'round thee close thy somber, dark,
And heavy robe of pines. It is thy cloak
Of mourning and thy crape ; thou hast most need
To mourn, being most blessed. But yesterday
Thou wert unknown and insignificant ;
To-day thou art immortal made because
Thou art the death-bed of our lovèd Grant—
Because the Nation's hero made of thee
A stepping-stone to heaven.

Thou art become

The country's shrine, where weeping Liberty
Hath come to shed her tears. Around thy base
Is marshaled that innumerable host
Of soldiers slain in Freedom's cause, and with
Them is the silent throng in gray—with heads
Uncovered all, beneath one flag that droops
Fresh wet with heaven's tears, the dew. Those coats
Which once were blue have faded into gray ;
Grave-ashes give one color to them all.
Their guns all stacked, within the silent wood

They stretch their phantom tents in bivouac weird—
A specter guard—Grand Army of the dead !
Thy cooling breeze hath kissed his fevered cheek
These long, long waiting hours so gratefully ;
Thy sentry pines swayed with the fleeting pulse
And whispered undisturbingly : “ All’s Well ! ”
When all was o’er, their wailing message went
Along the clouds, that fleecy telephone,
To Lookout Mount, whose rusty cannons’ boom
Seemed like the toiling clock of destiny
Slow striking *Sixty-three*.

For such an one
No common sepulture ! Be thou his bier,
His catafalque ! Let battle-mountains make
His fun’ral train ! Call Lookout from the clouds,
With Mission Ridge, Ball’s Bluff and Malvern Hill,
South Mountain, Champion Hill, Great Cumberland,
Pea Ridge, and those that shut in Gettysburg ;
With Rural Hill and Drury’s Bluff, the heights
Of Maryland and Harper’s Ferry walls,
With those that frown on Shenandoah’s plain ;
Each hill where war hath plowed great furrows up—
Each slope with human abatis of slain—
Each mound where fiery battle-steeds have pranced,
Impatient of the smoke. E’en that small knoll
At Appomattox, where Rebellion gave
Its saber up and Slavery made her tomb :
Let heaven, muffling up her thunder drum,
Sound reveillé, to summon all to this
Great funeral. In military line,
Procession make with solemn obsequies ;
While ocean waves on either shore, in great
Sabaoth, *Triste Vale* chant.

With pick
And spade think not to make thy hero's bed !
In Donelson's firm walls impregnable
His mausoleum make—fit catacomb—
And soldier-like, wrapped in his country's flag,
There let him hold the fort for evermore.

Take shattered cannon from the battle-field,
Well moulten in hot Sumter's crucible,
And cast a monument o'er-topping that
Of *Liberty enlightening the world* ;
And on its base inscribe with saber point—
“ Our hero dead, who never battle lost,
To heaven *surrendered unconditional*.”

JENNIE.

“ THE sweetest lass in all the land
Is Jennie, Jennie, Jennie ! ”
Said Robin as he held each hand,
Too many, many, many !
’Twas in the lane, the fence was high ;
There was no room to pass him by ;
He held my wings, I could not fly ;
Not any, any, any.

“ How many sweethearts have you, pray,
Sweet Jennie, Jennie, Jennie ? ”
The rogue within me bade me say—
“ Not many, many, many ! ”
But when I found it grieved the youth,
I could no longer hide the truth,
And said, not many was, forsooth,
Not any, any, any !

He said : " And would one sweetheart be
Too many, many, many ?
Could you accept of one like me,
My Jennie, Jennie, Jennie ? "
Let others think whate'er they may,
When Robin took my heart away
I had no heart to tell him nay,
Not any, any, any !

Although I never said he could
Take any, any, any,
He did just what I thought he would—
Kiss Jennie, Jennie, Jennie !
My lips were closed, I could not add,
Nor count the kisses of the lad,
And yet I hardly think he had
Too many, many, many !

SHALL BESS COME HAME ?

" PRAY tell me where ye've been sae lang, guid Nan ;
Hae ye been aff to town withoot yer man ? "

" Ah, John, and can ye ask where I hae been—
Where should a mither go but to her kin ? "

" What, to the bairn that's gi'en o'er to ill—
How could ye bear to gang against my will ? "

" By life-lang watch-care doth a mither earn
The right, nae matter where, to seek her bairn ! "

" That's true, guid Nan, I lay nae fau't agin ye,
Except the ower-lovin' heart that's in ye ;

“ That takes ye oot o’ doors to succor sin ;
Wi’ De’il ootside ye’d better stay within.

“ A faither once forsaken by his ain—
His tender heart as quickly turns to stane ;

“ As ower the garden wa’ I throw the weed,
I cast her forth, nae matter how ye plead !”

“ Yer stubborn mind, John, turns your heart to scorn—
Ye’ve thrown awa’ the plant and left the thorn !

“ Why, vices are but virtues playin’ traitor ;
Man but the tainted stamp o’ his Creator !

“ Was not the De’il an angel once himsel’ ?
Had he no’ played the traitor he’d no’ fell !

“ ‘Mang those o’er-righteous Jews, Christ found not one
Who dared to raise the hand or cast a stone ;

“ Nor only uncondemned, but a’ forgiven,
Was human frailty by the Lord o’ heaven.

“ Take hame the truth, for ye can ill afford
To be more unforgivin’ than your Lord ;

“ To shut the door o’ mercy is na well ;
Ye shut the door o’ heaven agin yersel’ !”

“ Guid Nan, yer speeches make my heart full sair ;
I do forgive, I pray ye say nae mair !”

“ To say ye will forgive and na forget,
Is holdin’ mair than half yer anger yet.

“ ’Tis in the night, wi’ ither senses still,
The heart will speak and speak withoot the will ;

“ I heard ye in yer sleep the ither night
A-talkin’ what ye felt wi’ a’ yer might ;

“ Yer will had gane to sleep wi’ bitter word ;
Yer heart unguarded spake, and this I heard :

“ ‘ Come back, my pretty bairn, where’er ye be—
Yer broken-hearted faither’s callin’ ye ! ’

“ Yer heart sobbed oot the truth yer will denied,
And spake wi’ tears, for a’ the night ye cried.

“ Wi’ that I sought the lass in yonder town,
Where that smooth city chap had set her down !

“ Could’st see her, John, as soon I hope ye may,
Ye wouldna have the heart to turn away ;

“ For on my neck the lass did sob and moan :
‘ O mither, mither, had I only known !

“ ‘ I didna know the things were wrong,’ said she,
‘ The pleasing stranger sweetly said to me ! ’

“ She sits and thinks, and weepin’ wi’ her thought,
Bewails a fault because she was untaught.”

“ To think, guid Nan, that we should raise a daughter
To gang amiss for a’ that we hae taught her ! ”

“ The fault’s our ain, dear John, we must admit ;
To see a danger’s half avoidin’ it.

“ We taught her what was right, but a’ along
We never told the lass just what was wrong.”

“ Ah, Nan, that a’ the preachers had yer skill
To bring sae muckle guid from every ill !

“ Now look ye, wife, this makes me doubly sad :
She slighted Reuben, sic an honest lad !”

“ Ah, John, he’s kinder to yer bairn than you ;
’Twas he that took me to her, he that knew ;

“ He ne’er gave ower searchin’ a’ about—
’Twas only love like his could search her oot.”

“ If that be true, nor may I doubt the same,
Where’er she be, our Bess sha’ soon come hame !

“ Why, Nan, if Reuben love her as at first,
I fear the faither’s heart wi’ joy will burst.”

“ Ah, John, he loves her mair than I can tell,
He’s comin’ now to say as much himsel’ !”

For Bess and Reuben had been waiting there
At open door behind the old man’s chair.

“ Ah, Reuben, Reuben, welcome, welcome, boy !
Ye rob me o’ my grief wi’ double joy !

“ I was intent upon the mither’s talk,
And didna hear ye comin’ up the walk ;

“ Or were you standin’ quiet there ootside,
To hear the mither pleadin’ for yer bride ?

"I know ye've come to ask me for my Bess—
Don't say me nay, 'twould leave her faitherless.

"To rob me o' my joy—I couldna' bear
To sink again into my old despair!

"How can an old man keep his will at a'—
Wi' coxin' wife and sic a son-in-law?

"For that I'll make ye 'fore anither day
And gie the lass nae chance to run away.

"But she'll no' run away agin frae you—
One taste o' grief for sic as Bess will do!

"For a' the woe she'll better love the weal,
And truer be for havin' seen the De'il!

"I'll to the town and fetch the wanderin' one,
Then gie the farm and Bess for sic a son.

"When I hae brought her let nae tear be seen,
And speak nae censure, for she comes forgi'en.

"Before I gang we'll pray the Lord above
To gie me back my ain—my Bessie's love."

He closed his eyes as blue-bells close at even,
And calmly raised his sun-brown face toward heaven

To plead more earnestly "wi' Him aboon":
Or else to keep the tears from "tricklin' doon";

"O Lord, forgive a faither a' his blame,
And let his Bess—his only bairn—come hame!"

The mother, kneeling, little minds his prayer,
And Reuben, too, on t'other side the chair ;

They beckon Bess, who listens at the door,
Her heart is full and she can wait no more ;

Knowing her welcome, comes without their beck,
To put her arms around her father's neck ;

And softly stealing in with step unheard,
With sweetest kiss on earth she stops his word !

Whereby her loving father knew her then,
Nor oped his eyes, nor stopped to say—" Amen ! "

" God love thee ! 'tis my Bess come back to me ;
I darena look for fear it isna thee !

" And I'm sae full o' joy I dinna know
If I'm in heaven above or heaven below !

" I'm wi' my angel and I dinna care—
Bess is come hame in answer to my prayer ! "

BAREFOOTED AFTER THE COWS.

" THE boys " had come back to the farm,
That ever through life bears a charm ;
And though we were all sturdy men,
We thought to live over again
The days when we halloed and hooted,
And ran down the pasture barefooted ;
We stole out of childhood a day,
And filled it up brimful of play.

The pond and the swift skimming swallow;
The wood where the owl used to hollo—

Who-oo ! who-oo !

The barn full of hay

Where many a day

We tumbled down over the mows.

The grass in the meadow was growing,

The cows in the meadow were lowing—

Mo-oo ! mo-oo !

Ah, life has no joy

Like that of a boy

Running barefooted after the cows !

We ate of the apples that fell

From the harvest tree over the well ;

For never in life could we meet

With apples that seemed half so sweet ;

Nor water had we ever tasted

Like that which the spring ever wasted ;

For God made the vintage to flow

From the winepress of pebbles below.

The pond and the swift skimming swallow ;

The wood where the owl used to hollo—

Who-oo ! who-oo !

The barn full of hay

Where many a day

We tumbled down over the mows.

The grass in the meadow was growing,

The cows in the meadow were lowing—

Mo-oo ! mo-oo !

Ah, life has no joy

Like that of a boy

Running barefooted after the cows !

The squirrel so proud of his tail,
The chipmunk, who travels by rail,
The blackbird, the robin, the jay—
Each gave us a greeting that day.
The pastimes of boyhood we courted
In places where once we had sported,
And when the old dinner horn blew
We felt the old hunger anew.

The pond and the swift skimming swallow;
The wood where the owl used to hollo—

Who-oo ! who-oo !

The barn full of hay

Where many a day

We tumbled down over the mows.

The grass in the meadow was growing,

The cows in the meadow were lowing—

Mo-oo ! mo-oo !

Ah, life has no joy

Like that of a boy

Running barefooted after the cows !

'Twas more like enacting a dream !

We waded and fished in the stream,

Which somehow looked shallow and small,

Nor did the old trees seem as tall.

Each idol of boyhood seemed shattered,

And even the kingfisher clattered—

“ No power can bring back the joys

Of childhood to overgrown boys.”

Not the same was the pond nor the swallow,

The wood where the owl used to hollo,

Who-oo ! Who-oo !

The barn full of hay
Seemed smaller that day
We tumbled down over the mows.
New grass in the meadow was growing,
Strange cows in the meadow were lowing—
Mo-oo ! Mo-oo !
We felt not the joys,
We were not the boys
Who ran barefooted after the cows.

THE FROG AND THE FRENCHMAN.

WHEN the grass comes slowly creeping
O'er the meadows, in good keeping
With the spring,
Then appears the early peeper,
Who, to lull the wanton sleeper,
'Gins to sing.

Formerly, he used to sail
By the motion of his tail,
When pollywog ;
But he lost that institution,
In the course of evolution
To the frog.

Such a cunning little fellow,
With his breast a greenish-yellow ;
He will go
Tuning up that voice unfailing,
As young roosters, when first tailing,
Try to crow,

On a lily-pad he'll teeter,
 And maintain he sings much sweeter
 Than a bird ;
 A canary—the last feather
 Washed away by rainy weather,
 Take his word ;
 So absurd.

When he grows a little sweeter,
 Epicurean frog-eater
 Always begs
 That his deft and agile henchman
 Will go catch this tender *Frenchman*,
 For his legs.

So he hies him to the pond
 Or the eddy just beyond,
 In the creek,
 Where he finds the full-grown frog
 Basking on a cozy log ;
 Hear him speak :
 “Greek meets Greek !
 Chug-a-reek !

“ I'm suspicious of your nation,
 Though I like your conversation :
 Parlez-vous ?
 But if you are not polite, sir,
 I'll jump quickly out of sight, sir,
 Entre-nous !
 Chug-a-roo !

“ Do you think, oh, simple sinner,
 You will catch a Sunday dinner
 With a bug ?

Regardez ! Begin to banter
With red rag, I'm gone *instantan*ter;
Chug-a-rug !
Chug-a-rug !

"Shrug your shoulders well, *monsieur*,
There's no use to make detour,
I know your game.
I'm content to *parlez-vous*,
If my broken French will do,
But I'll keep an eye on you,
All the same,
Chug-a-rame !

"Like the *Première Danseuse*,
A fat frog is of no use,
Save his limb ;
So like 'sprinter' on his pegs,
I had better stretch my legs,
Nice and trim,
For a swim,
Chug-a-rim !
In the brink
Don't you think ?
Chug-a-rink !
Chug-a-rink !
Chug-a-rink !

"Were I cooked and on a plate,
You would have a *tête-à-tête*,
Avec amour,
With fair lady *vis-à-vis* ;
Two is pleasant companee,
Always spoiled by number *three*.
So, *Bonjour !*"

“Ze same to you !”

“ *Taisez-vous !* ”

“ *Parbleu !* ”

“ *Chug-a-roo !* ”

Hu-hu-hoo ! ”

THREE LULLABYS.

IN days gone by when a baby I,
And mother's fond heart was young,
Upon her breast she laid me to rest,
And rocking me, sweetly sung ;
Thus to and fro, with a song I know
That hadn't a touch of art,
Sleep closed the eye with a lullaby
That came from a mother's heart
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by dear ;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling, my baby ;
Angels are watching and mother is near !

The days went by and a little one I,
With Dolly upon my knee,
I sang the air, in my rocking chair,
That mother had sung to me.
Then laid her down in her little nightgown,
Tucked in with a mother's care,
To close her eye with a lullaby,
Soon after her dolly prayer ;
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by dear ;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling, my baby ;
Angels are watching and mother is near !

The years rolled by, and a maiden I ;
Dear mother had passed away.
Upon her breast, like a babe at rest,
A pretty white rosebud lay.
Her hands crossed so—till it seemed as though
She thought she were holding me.
Death closed her eye with a lullaby,
To wake in eternity.
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by dear ;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling. my baby ;
Angels are watching and mother is near !

THE NEW BABY.

Tind friends, I pray extuse me
From matin' any speech,
Betause I is so 'ittle
I ain't dot much for each ;
There aint much edutation
In such a 'ittle head ;
Besides, I is so s'eeepy
An' wants to do to bed.

But when it tums my bedtime,
My mamma leaves a light
To teep off all the booboes
Wat visit in the night.
My mamma allus worries
For fear I'll dit a cough,
An' ties down all the bedc'ose
Betause I ticks 'em off.

She says I'm awful westless
Like dranpa's 'ittle nag,
An' if I don't s'leep quiet
She'll tie me in a bag !
She's found anuzzer baby
Dat's noisier than I,
Betause it don't do noffin'
But stay in bed an' cwy.

She found it in the garret ;
I dess it's dumb an' deaf ;
It's such a funny tolör,
An' aint dot any teef ;
An' aint dot any eyebrows,
An' aint dot any hair ;
In fact, it aint dot noffin,
Nor any shoes to wear.

'Tis all wapped up in flannel,
An' tovered head an' ears,
An' allus cwys for noffin'
An' aint dot any tears !
I thought of tourse 'twas hungry,
An' dave it citron-cake ;
It cwyled then more than ever—
I dess 'twas stomit-ache !

She talls it "Tootsy-Wootsy,"
An' papa talls it "Nigger" ;
An' Uncle Joe won't touch it,
He says, until it's bigger.
I squeezed its 'ittle stomit
To see if it tould talk ;
It aint no better'n dolly,
For all it did was squawk.

No, I don't like new babies,
 Neizer does Uncle Joe ;
 He said 'twould take till Trismas
 Before the cub would grow.
 But, if it is my brozzer,
 I'll teep it any way
 Till mamma finds anozzer
 W'at's big enough to play.

LULLABY.

LAY thy head upon this pillow,
 With its curly, golden crown,
 Rocking, swaying like the willow !
 Fairies close thine eyelids down—
 On thy sweet lips lay a blessing,
 With a fairies' good-night kiss !
 But no touch of their caressing
 Ever can be sweet as this !
 Lul-la-by-o, By-lo-baby !
 Angels brought thee from above ;
 Deeming any gift of Heaven
 Safe within a mother's love !

Cheeks like apples, fair and rosy,
 Pillowed on thy mother's breast !
 Never babe had couch more cozy,
 Never love a sweeter rest.
 Artist, can you tell the story ?
 Can you paint a face like this,
 Haloed with an infant glory ?
 Can you paint a mother's kiss ?

Lul-la-by-o, By-lo-baby!
Angels brought thee from above;
Deeming any gift of Heaven
Safe within a mother's love!

THE WASP AT CAMP MEETING.

THE wasp's a living poison bag!
As yellow as a smallpox flag!
So laced that he can hardly wag

His nether half—
The part that holds the wicked jag
Or venomed gaff.

So like a peanut cinched athwart,
You wonder he don't break apart;
His cussedness is in the dart
At t'other end!
A good long distance from the heart,
You may depend.

Of entomology the king;
The very devil on the wing,
Whose only virtue is a sting,
And that's a vice!
No boy who ever felt the thing
Required it twice!

What is his purpose no one knows;
All other beings are his foes;
A criminal his wardrobe shows,
From stem to mizzen.
As if in his striped convict clothes
Escaped from prison.

So very cowardly they call't
When one turns tail in an assault !
But here the saying is at fault :
 This torment yellow
Turns tail—a backward somersault—
 And stings a fellow !

No scientist will e'er intrude
Upon a hornet's solitude ;
But when he's in a pleasant mood,
 And all things sunny,
You take him for the insect dūde,
 He walks so funny.

It's little nonsense he will bear !
Though he's confined you'd best beware :
He'll vibrate that back-end affair,
 The pesky elf,
And get so mad he'll sting the air,
 Then sting himself !

The luckless lad with bare feet brown
Awakes his wrath, or tempts his frown ;
He doesn't sting him on the crown,
 Nor on the cheek,
But where the rascal can't sit down
 The coming week !

Of human courage much is told ;
We know a hero's very bold
When battles rage or women scold ;
 And fear, he'd scorn it !
But quickly he lets go his hold
 For master hornet !

Vain man, why boast of victories won,
And many glorious things you've done?
A little wasp will make you run
 As if demented,
With his breech-loading needlegun,
 The first invented!

I'll fight the armies of the globe,
Give me the wasp, whose yellow lobe
Is armored with a poisoned probe,
 Too small for scrutiny,
If I can have a steel-clad robe,
 In case of mutiny!

What fears are in the youngster's breast,
Who dares to stone a hornet's nest!
Anon he sees the swarming pest!
 Too soon he'll rue it;
Those boils of Job, when at their best,
 Were nothing to it!

In top-shaped nest of mud well dried,
Or homemade paper, they abide!
You plug the hole, at eventide,
 That's in the bottom,
With all the wasps asleep inside,
 And then you've got 'em!

Some boys who fixed a nest just right,
A whole camp meeting put to flight:
Beneath the rough seats out of sight
 They placed the thing;
And to the cork which made it tight
 They tied a string!

The elder was interpreting
His text : "*O Death, where is thy sting?*"
Those devilish boys then yanked the string,
And loosed the cork !
Whereat each maddened wasp took wing,
And set to work !

The strongest sermon e'er delivered !
The sinners and the deacons quivered !
The congregation rose and shivered ;
And down they sank !
'Twas something more than being slivered
By hemlock plank.

The elder seemed so much delighted
To think he'd roused the poor benighted,
And many sinners proselyted
From certain—well,
The fact is, he was so near-sighted
He couldn't tell.

The women ran nor looked behind 'em,
But, oh, the wasps were bound to find 'em
And give 'em something to remind 'em
Of the text !
Which to the sting of Death resigned 'em,
Had it come next !

Though matters grave in vain may woo us,
The merest trifles oft undo us !
With florid words they often sue us—
The Lord's anointed—
When, like the wasp, they should pursue us
With truths more pointed.

MOTHER.

'Twas she, my friend, who gave you birth,
And brought you to this glorious earth !
Upon her heart before the hearth

 She cooed and cuddled you.
She wrapped you in your long white gown,
She brushed and kissed your fuzzy crown,
And never deigned to lay you down
 Till drink had fuddled you.

In night robe, kneeling by her chair,
Her hand upon your silken hair,
You learned to lisp that first sweet prayer
 To childhood known :
“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ”—
Why should you hold that soul so cheap
 When you are grown ?

You toddled off to school one day ;
“ I'll have a rest ! ” she tried to say,
Until the tears got in the way ;
 For ten times thrice
She watched your coming at the door !
Imagine how her heart gets sore
When you are gone forevermore
 To schools of vice.

You left your home in early years ;
In with your clothes she packed her fears ;
You'd think, to see her sprinkling tears,
 'Twas ironing day.

For every kiss she gave you ten !
How many, many times since then,
She's wished and wished you back again—
Back at your play.

If you would watch your steps to-day
As she did in your childish play,
You'd never go in paths astray
Where vices lead !
Could you but feel the joy that came
To her, when first you lisped her name,
You'd never cover it with shame
By one misdeed.

Had her breast been one-half as cold
As yours to her, now she is old,
Your tale of life were easy told,
And out of mind.
You are not worth, e'en at your best,
One-half you cost of sad unrest ;
Yet in the temple of her breast
You are enshrined.

No love like hers when all is said :
She'd sell her shoes to buy you bread,
And choke her hunger while you fed—
Would any other ?
Forgive you ninety times and nine,
And for your sake her life resign ;
If there's one thing on earth divine,
'Tis your good mother.

Though much the human breast may bear ;
Some mothers get more than their share
Of broken heart and whitened hair ;
Can you deny it ?

The greatest debt that you can owe
Is to that mother—you may go
And pay it with a kiss or so ;—
Suppose you try it.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

BENEATH the azure canopy on high,
While round her brow the winds of freedom play,
Upon her granite, towering to the sky,
Stands Liberty between the blue and gray.

Mute priestess standing, Bible in her hand,
She pledges all who enter by the sea,
“ Take what you will within this promised land,
But never touch her glorious liberty.”

“ Drop rancor in the waters of the bay,
Where peaceful rivers meet the turbid sea ;
With heaven’s dew immersed or ocean’s spray,
Take Liberty’s baptism of the free.”

Who than colossal Liberty more meet
To wave in heaven our freedom’s flambeau high,
And add to upper ocean’s fiery fleet,
Or fix another star in yonder sky ?

When purple wines o’erflow Sol’s evening cup,
When dusky winds have night’s black flag unfurl’d,
Then Freedom lights her glowing taper up,
A new aurora gleams athwart the world.

Her countless banners waving in the sun,
To deck her cities marshaled on the plain ;

Her States, so many nations joined in one,
While mountains sing and oceans chant refrain.

No standing army guards this mighty land ;
And yet from surf to surf, from Gulf to Lake,
A myriad freemen only wait command
To march through valor's field for freedom's sake.

Lo ! at her beck the poisèd eagle wheels
Up heaven's highway, where mortal never trod,
Laden with love the loyal patriot feels,
Bearing the token to the nation's God.

PAT'S OPINION OF FLAGS.

EVERY man in the world thinks his banner the best,
And his national song
Is often too long,
Yet in praising his flag he makes sport of the rest,
Though there's many a truth that is spoken in jest,
Save wid malice prepense
There should be no offense.

There's the Hawaiian kingdom stuck out in the ocean ;
Twas made as a site
For the seabirds to light ;
There they worship their colors wid colored devotion,
And they never have war, but internal commotion,
For those islands contain, O,
Queen Lilli's volcano,

For the honor of flags how much blood has been spilt !
Yet humanity clings
To those queer-looking things.

Take the flag of Japan that's all covered wid gilt,
And the Austrian flag, like a new "crazy quilt,"
And that bit of caprice
That is all over Greece.

And the flag of Siam, wid an elephant on it,
Which is good reason why
It has hard work to fly!

While the Turk has a flag wid a crescent upon it,
And he wears the same token stuck up on his bonnet,
But the Russian will soon
Take the Turk and the moon.

There's the flag wid two Russian birds pasted together,
But wid only two toes,
'Cause the others got froze ;
And they're itchin' for war till ye cannot tell whether
They're after the earth or more suitable weather ;
Still there's none cares to fight
Wid the cold Muscovite.

There's the flag over Venice, where no dust can fly,
Hence it always looks neat :
For they water the street !
And the flag of the Switzer, that floats very high,
Since the most of their country is up in the sky ;
But they're too much stuck up
For the goat's milk they sup.

Then the flag of the Germans, much like that of France ;
Save the "parley Francais"
Have their stripes t'other way ;
O'er the land in dispute both their war horses prance,
First the wan, then the other ; I think 'twould enhance
Poor Alsace and Lorraine
To move over by Spain.

There's the red flag of England they say rules the wave ;
 'Tis small good, to my notion,
 This rulin' the ocean,
And for all that I care she can make it her grave,
For it isn't the WATER that Irishmen crave.
 But the land of old Erin,
 Wid no interferin'.

Has their flag any right there ? No, that's a mistake :
 Those in history versed
 Know the green wan was first.
'Twas St. Patrick who drove out of Ireland the snake,
Now I wish, 'pon my soul, the good saint would awake
 And from bog and from crag
 Would drive out the red flag.

There's the green flag of Erin wid no one to play
 On its harp of pure gold,
 At least so I've been told ;
But ye can't always reckon on what people say ;
They've been harpin' on " Home Rule " this many a day,
 And they'll get it no doubt,
 If the harp don't wear out.

They're just tunin' it up, only tightenin' each string ;
 When they have it " O. K. "
 There 'll be plenty to play ;
Wid the music of yore the whole island will ring—
Faith ye'll hear something foine when the Irishmen sing ;
 Then the flag of the Queen
 Will wid envy turn green.

There's the flag of the Chinese, as everywan knows,
 Cut three-cornered wid care,
 Like they'd no cloth to spare ;

Yet they seem to have plenty when makin' their clothes ;
Havin' no fashion plate, they've cut big, I suppose ;
 Hangin' loose roundabout
 So the fleas will drop out.

You can judge of those men by the wardrobe they wear :
 They don't look to get fits
 For a "dollar six bits."
Their flag was made yellow, as people declare,
Because they've the smallpox so much over there ;
 Be warned, if ye're wise,
 By the dragon it flies.

But one of the prettiest flags that I know
 Is the great oroflam
 Of our old Uncle Sam ;
Wid the red and white bars all laid out in a row,
And a nice pasture blue for the bright stars to grow ;
 Wid the eagle above
 And around it the dove.

Of the Star-spangled Banner alone, it is said
 She has earned this renown—
 She was niver pulled down.
With the green on my grave and that flag overhead
I think I'll rest aisy ! But wait till I'm dead !
 Wid that flag in the sky
 I'm in no haste to die.

THE SKELETON.

GOOD-EVENING, Sexton ! Don't lose your breath !
You are not shaking the hand of Death !
For I'm a skeleton, you must know ;
I just came out of the grave below.
For years I've noted your careless tread,
And harmless whistling above the dead.
Though I'm a stranger, I know you well,
And grieve that longer I cannot dwell
Within old Trinity's churchyard block,
While those Italians are blasting rock !
 Oh, I'm a skeleton, you must know !
 I've left my tenement down below !
 I'm forced to move to an uptown flat ;
 The rooms are smaller, but what of that ?

Yes, I'm a relic of long ago !
I've slept a century down below !
My name is gone from the crumbling stone ;
There's nothing left of myself but bone.
A Knickerbocker I am of old !
The grave's " Four Hundred," when all is told,
Within old Trinity's churchyard lie—
And so exclusive ! But here's good-by !
For things are coming to such a pass
The dead can't sleep for the smell of gas.
 Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

I left this land to my next of kin,
All save the spot I was buried in.
They wet my bones with their useless tears,
But bones and memories fade with years ;

Then came the lawyer to break the will ;
The land went after to pay the bill.
Now strangers come with their ceaseless tread
And grudge the space of my folding-bed ;
They crowd me so in the narrow tomb,
I'll have to look for another room.

Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

Farewell, old Sexton, for we must part !
I'd heave a sigh, but I have no heart ;
'Twas at *post-mortem* when some old quack
Took heart and lungs which he brought not back.
He took whatever he found inside,
As proof conclusive the corpse had died.
He robbed the dead with a grewsome theft ;
The microbes dining on what was left.
The dead breathe not as the living do :
The ribs are open, the air blows through.

Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

From lack of food I have grown so thin
I've hardly features enough to grin.
Your tenant longer I may not be
Since death and progress cannot agree ;
For who can tell what the sound forebodes
To one entombed, when the gas explodes ?
I might have slept till the final fire,
But touched my foot on a subway wire,
Which gave my rickety nerves a shock,
So up I jumps and I dons my frock.

Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

Life is uncertain, but death is sure ;
And one dies rich but to wake up poor !

However big the estate one owns,
Some stranger scatters his worthless bones !
'Tis just as well, for the moldy grave
Gives little rest near the rattling pave ;
And very few are the nights we pass
Without a whiff of the sewer gas :
For though I'm dead, you must not suppose
I lost my smell when I lost my nose.

Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

We lonely skeletons used to laugh
To hear the click of the telegraph ;
But now we tremble in every bone
When folks " Hello ! " on the telephone !
Though steam heat lessen the graveyard chill,
The Knickerbocker cannot lie still.
Though modern faith would the thought dispel,
He still believes in the old-time hell,
And has good reason to fear the worst
Has come to him when the steampipes burst !

Oh, I'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

THE ENSIGN.

HERE on the brink of battle
I fondly kiss each fold ;
For yonder musket rattle
My destiny may hold !

Dear Flag !

Thou ever precious banner,
Beloved of all the free ;
The soldier in this manner
Shows love—he dies for thee !

Dear Flag !

What citizen-devotion
Can ever equal be
To that great soldier-notion—
Idolatry of thee !

Dear Flag !

Thou'rt not unlike the others,
But only better made ;
For sweethearts, sisters, mothers
Stitched in each silken shade !

Dear Flag !

In prayer they clasp those fingers ;
In prayer they bend the knee ;
Their blessing 'round thee lingers ;
I kiss them, kissing thee ;

Dear Flag !

I kiss them for my fellows,
So soon to cast the lot !
For Fate works at the bellows !
The forge will soon be hot !

Dear Flag !

And freedom's breeze is kissing,
Upon thy silken scroll,
Those names to be marked missing,
When next they call the roll !

Dear Flag !

'Tis well we cannot read them—
Enough to say adieu
Whenever death shall need them—
Perhaps my name's there, too !

Dear Flag !

Our regiment is standing
In battle's dumb array—
And waits but the commanding,
To dash into the fray !—

Dear Flag !

Like fierce stampede of cattle,
We'll rush where foe besets !
Right in the teeth of battle—
Those glistening bayonets !

Dear Flag !

And I'm the one to bear thee !
The one to lead the way !
The God of battles spare me,
To bring thee back to-day !

Dear Flag !

If I shall fall in battle,
Why, thou wilt be my shroud,
When muffled drum shall rattle
Its anthem to the cloud !

Dear Flag !

Then, by the clod and clover,
Hid from the blue on high,
Thy blue sky shall be over !
Thy bright stars ever nigh !

Dear Flag !

GUNS.

HEAR the cracking of the rifle,
Hear the ball, that leaden trifle,
 Whizzing by!
Whizzing by? Oh, that will do!—
But suppose it should go through?
 Then we die!

Oh, 'tis such a fatal skill,
Where each ball is meant to kill—
 Where 'tis known
That for every missile borne
Some frail uniform is torn,
Wife or mother left to mourn,
 All alone.

Swift from musket's polished steel
Comes the message: woe or weal,
 Mostly woe;
Soldier shoots as though he meant it,
Bullet comes as if Death sent it
 From the foe.

From its course, nor turns nor trends;
Makes a wound no surgeon mends,
 And a flood!
Soldier drops from out the ranks,
Dearly earns the nation's thanks
 With his blood.

And that bayonet you know, sir,
Is for argument much closer,
 Than before;

While each point in such debate
Seals some noble fellow's fate,
Evermore.

It is not "Emancipation"—
'Tis a question of the Nation !
Look, how pale
Are those cheeks that once were ruddy,
Blue and gray coats, torn and bloody,
Tell the tale.

What is that unearthly rattling ?
That's another gun, by Gatling ;
How it c-r-a-c-k-s !
'Tis no birthday of the nation !
This is Death's own celebration !
Firing packs

Of great crackers ! Turn the crank,
Horrors rattle out in flank,
Sum untold !
Aimed at yonder gray battalion,
Where Fate rides a fretting stallion,
Uncontrolled.

There are guns that speak much louder ;
There are guns that use more powder,
Stronger death.
Belching fire across the way,
Like volcanoes in full play !
Deadly breath !

From yon atmosphere of smoke,
Some artillerist's keen stroke
Hath cut down

Swath on swath, that doth betoken
Mother-hearts will soon be broken
In the town.

Had he seen that wife's hot tears ;
Known the grief to last for years—
Widowhood !
He'd have turned away that gun ;
Would have left that mother's son,
Where he stood.

Dropping in another quarter,
From volcanic mouth of mortar,
Meteors fall !
O ! that most destructive shell,
Bit of concentrated hell
In a ball.

How the cannon boom ! and boom !
Hoarsely shouting, "Room ! make room !"
How they sing of sudden doom—
Such a tune !
How the round-shot seem to roll
On some unsuspecting soul—
All too soon.

Playing skittles through the air ;
Making always *strike* or *spare*,
As they're bowled !
Like a ball hurled down death's alley,
At the ten-pins in the valley,
Manifold.

Do you want that little spot,
Where the fort stands reeking hot,
'Round the city ?

Must you go and batter down
Those great walls and half the town ?
What a pity !

Should some earthquake come at night,
Swallow city out of sight ;
Men would say :
“ What a sad and awful fate ;
Like the horrors they relate
Of Pompeii.”

Put a fuse into some crater !
Blow mankind to its Creator—
Just as well !
Blow the widow and the weeper !
And the orphan and the sleeper !
Blow the world unto its Keeper—
'Tis a shell !

What is all this fighting for ?
Why will mankind go to war ?
It is said
Deadlier engines they invent.
Tell me, what is government
To the dead ?

Watch the farmer at his toil :—
Where great gun-wheels plowed the soil,
Flowers blooming !
'Tis much better occupation !
'Tis far better for the nation
Than guns booming.

DAME NATURE'S "CRAZY QUILT."

FAIR Tombstone sits high on her hills
Midst Arizona's rolling plains,
Where low-ridged mountains stand apart,
Like scattered links of broken chains.
The mountain builder changed his plan,
And left these monstrous boulders out,
As boys play with ungainly blocks
And leave them scattered all about.

Like some great chessboard of the gods,
With castles down and game half-played ;
Or mastless ships in Arctic sea,
Locked in eternal ice blockade,
So pure the air that distance doth
The measuring eye ever deceive.
Could Italy behold this sky
She would with sunset-envy grieve.

With summer's midday sun aglow—
Like angels, from no one knows where,
Come softest swan-down cumuli,
Great sunshades lifted in mid-air ;
Or plumed battalions, motionless,
Till marshaled on by evening's breeze ;
Their dazzling whiteness none describes,
Nor half believes until he sees.

The sun makes battle with the earth,
Two ancient warriors loath to yield ;
Achilles' golden spear breaks through
Hector's uplifted silver shield ;

Strange figures crowd the gazer's mind,
As gorgeous visions come and go,
Moved slowly by the unseen hand,
In wondrous panoramic show.

The sun, with fiery eye aslant,
Glares through the day's slow-closing door;
The hills grow red, and shadows drop
In canyons unobserved before;
The twilight glory gleams athwart
The azure canvas stretched on high,
While heaven's great artist deftly paints
His sunset fresco on the sky.

Then Nature spreads her patchwork out,
Of purple, crimson, yellow, gilt,
And all the tinted glory blends
To make her evening "Crazy Quilt."
The east reflects the western glow
That blushes up the arching sky,
And nimble fingers lay the work,
While fast the golden needles fly.

White velvet at the north cuts off,
Where yellow satin 'gins to fade;
The orange lying higher up,
Where pink silk blocks the red brocade;
The antique patterns down the east,
With quilted satins mildly blend;
While dark maroon grades softly down
To deepest purple at the end,

Whose rumpled border, tassel frayed,
Hangs o'er the distant mountain edge,
As peacocks drag their ponderous tails,
Or, clumsy, fly the cypress hedge.

The eye sweeps 'round with level gaze ;
And every cloud has gay attire ;
While all the heavens catch the glare
Of that celestial prairie fire

Along the west. The world's ablaze !
It seems as though the end were near
To see the black smoke in the south,
And Gabriel's thunder-trumpet hear ;
A cloud moves up the glowing west,
Dropping its wine in colored rain,
As border-maker for the quilt,
Trailing red fringe along the main.

The patchwork done—lo ! from the south,
Scaling the mountain's bold redoubt,
With onslaught of fierce regiments,
The Storm King throws his *Black Flag* out
As lining dark, while nimble winds
Stretch it beneath. To baste it tight
The lightning darts with zigzag stitch
Adown the velvet of the night.

YOSEMITE.

ARE these the ruined and half broken walls
Of some more ancient Ilium ? Who can
Translate hieroglyphics on the rocks—
That history in raised alphabet—
For man's blind faith to read with finger tips ?

Who calls the Almighty mute ? Let him come here
And stand upon this awful chasm's brink,

And though his ears with infidelity
Be clogged, yet he shall hear a voice proclaim :
"I am Jehovah, God of Sabaoth !"

If yonder domes that lift their broken spires
Almost to heaven, and those stupendous walls
Whose firm foundations rest upon the ribs
And mighty framework of the globe, were not
The awful masonry of God, they'd seem
The ruins old of some cathedral vast,
Where Nature's queen Sublimity had wed,
But that the Fates cut short the nuptial rite ;
For there El Capitan the bridegroom stands,
His whilom bride at altar kneeling yet—
Her "Bridal Veil" still sweeping down the aisle
In one eternal wedding !

'Tis, more like,
Some temple rude where ancient gods were wont
To worship ; or those giants old who dwelt
In days of mammoth and leviathan ;
So gorgeous in its grandeur yet ; its vault
The vast eternal blue, supported by
The dazzling rainbow's arching truss, where clouds
In ever changing fresco hourly gain
Fresh beauty, till their sunset glory takes
The hues of heaven ! Or grander when, at eve,
Those fleecy vapors, decked like virgins wise,
With iridescent star-lamps trimmed and bright,
Come tripping forth to meet the electric moon,
That silver bridegroom of the wooing night !

What lures the soul, upon these dizzy heights,
To venture o'er the abyss—as yonder hawk
With generous wing soars through the midland air,

A pinioned Nautilus, that rises, sinks
Or floats at will ?

Matchless Yosemite !

High on Cloud's Rest, behind the misty screen,
Thy Genius sits ! The secrets of thy birth
Within its bosom locked ! What power can rend
The veil, and bid it speak—that spirit dumb,
Between two worlds, enthroned upon a Sphinx ?
Guard well thine own, thou mystic spirit ! Let
One place remain where Husbandry shall fear
To tread ! One spot on earth inviolate
As it was fashioned in eternity !

Thou art a peopled realm within thyself :
There tender saplings nurse upon the breast
Of Wah-wah-le-nah ! Here, like graceful maids,
Umbrageous trees with leafy tresses bend
To lure the ardent stream ! There lofty pines
Like plumèd warriors stand ! Like ancient knights,
Those huge Sequoias guard the realm without !
While from the towers on every battlement
The white cascades in crystal banners float,
And soft as eagles' wings upon the softer air,
Their misty pennants trail upon the wind !

Man still may come to thy baptismal font
Of Mirror Lake, and there communing find
One heaven above and one below, where in
The glass both firmaments do kiss ! and from
The myriad swinging censers of the flowers
Inhale the incense on its way to heaven—
Mute, perfumed prayers, worth more than litanies !
While mellow symphonies of joyous birds

Blend with the diapason thundering
From deep-toned organs of the waterfalls—
The world's exultant pean swelling to
The majesty of all the universe !

SILLY BILLY.

HE was the biggest fool on earth !
And looked it, too ;
No matter what the title's worth,
It was his due.
His legs turned out, his toes turned in,
He had a silly sort o' grin,
When he'd look up an' deown agin',
Had Silly Billy.

He had the slowest Yankee drawl
Yo' ever heerd ;
But gained some culture with it all ;
Was Boston reared,
With most approved æsthetic diction.
A lie he called " evasive fiction " ;
And quarrelin' was " mental friction "
To Silly Billy !

With scorn he termed our common speech
" Linguistic stuff ! "
As though what pretty schoolma'ms teach
Wa'n't good enough.
Plain food was " sustenance for lunchin' ! "
While sweets were " most delicious crunchin' ! "
And chewin' gum was " female munchin' "
To Silly Billy.

His trousers, ragged at the knees,
Were "incomplete."
His "terminal facilities,"
He called his feet.
He grew "leg-weary" when he walked ;
And quite Delsartian when he talked ;
Though people laughed, they never mocked
Poor Silly Billy.

He said his name, when very young,
Was "Flyin' Turtle,"
But guessed the dust from which he sprung
Wa'n't over fertile :
The lightnin' struck his family tree,
An' clean upsot his pedigree ;
So after all, he guessed he'd be
Plain Silly Billy.

The widow Farnham's little one
Loved Billy so
That people teased her, just in fun,
About her beau.
"I doesn't care," said little Tot,
"Whezzzer oo loves him or not,
He's all the sweetheart I has dot,
Is Tilly Billy."

Though living on the public care,
He worked his way,
And was most welcome everywhere ;
But little May
He called his "sunbeam cherubim,"
And often would his eyes grow dim
To hear her lispingly call him—
Her "Tilly Billy."

Was honest, faithful, good, and kind—
As most fools are ;
And one could trust his silly mind
However far.

One morn Tot's mother heard her say—
As was her custom every day—
“ I dess I'll run outdoors an' play
Wiv ' Tilly Billy ' ! ”

She couldn't find him anywhere ;
And, coming back,
She stopped to play with pebbles there
Upon the track.
Right where the train comes down the grade,
That great monopoly of trade ;
Yet no one sees the little maid.
Where's Silly Billy ?

Just as the train came dashing by
From yonder curve ;
Just as they heard the mother's cry,
Something with nerve,
Something with soul and a face so pale
Plunged right before the flying mail,
Pushing the tot beyond the rail—
Was't Silly Billy ?

A rumbling rush ! Through dust and smoke
That mother flew !
She laughed, and cried ; while no one spoke ;
Then laughed anew ;
For there her little darling sat,
Playing with a tattered hat ;
Then cried again on seeing that—
For it was Billy's !

What can a little baby know
Of life or death ?
“ Who hurt my ‘ Tilly Billy ’ so ?
He’s lost hes breath.”
To die for her—heroic thought,
By sudden inspiration caught !
And ’neath the modern juggernaut,
Lay Silly Billy.

Whoever for another dies,
The utmost gives.
The spirit such death sanctifies,
Forever lives.
The Golden Gate flew open wide
To welcome that great soul inside ;
’Twas nothing but the fool that died,
Called Silly Billy.

THE FERRY.

I LOVE the maid with all my heart,
Whose father tends the ferry.
She throws a kiss when’er we part ;
But throws it o’er the ferry.
Those wingèd blessings of the air,
With real ones never can compare ;
But ask for one I never dare
When I am o’er the ferry.

With cheek so rosy, eye so brown,
They lure me o’er the ferry.
She is a queen with golden crown,
Whose kingdom is the ferry ;

Yon little cot her castle hall ;
Her navy is the ferry yawl ;
And those her willing subjects all
Who chance to cross the ferry.

I'm very bashful by her side,
Yet bold across the ferry ;
I asked her : would she be my bride ?
By shouting o'er the ferry !
And she replied : " I cannot hear !
But come and whisper in my ear,
And I'll say ' Yes,' my bashful dear ! "
So, here's across the ferry !

THE DEACON AND THE JUNE BUG.

WHEN in the summer Sabbath calm
The church flies croon their endless psalm,
Exhausted nature feels no qualm
Of conscience rise,
Should slumber come with grateful balm
To close the eyes.

When drowsy feelings o'er you creep
You'd give the world to go to sleep ;
No use pretending you are deep
In meditation,
That tell-tale head will nodding keep
In slow vibration.

With sudden start and blinking eyes,
You bite your lip and pinch your thighs ;

In vain your sturdy manhood tries
 To keep awake,
The prosy sermon justifies
 The sleep you take.

A meager man was Deacon Gray.
With well-set phrases when he'd pray ;
His Christian duty Sabbath-day,
 To pass the plate ;
And watch in a reproachful way
 Those coming late.

Except a little fringe of hair
Behind his ears, well nursed with care,
His head like any squash was bare,
 And shone as well,
And might in other ways compare
 I'd scorn to tell.

Before the preacher gave his views
Upon the text he meant to use,
The deacon's eyelids would refuse
 To play him fair,
And in a sort of pious snooze
 He'd feign a prayer.

The parson was a trifle queer,
One of those men who volunteer
To preach for just so much a year
 And one donation ;
So dry no doubt they justly fear
 The last cremation.

The text of this inglorious Beecher
Was broad enough for any teacher :—

How God created every creature
And creeping thing.
He making an especial feature
Of those on wing.

When, through the open window flew
A June bug, just as if he knew
No other bug on earth would do
For illustration,
To let the congregation view
God's small creation.

Around the church he buzzed and whirred ;
Along the ceiling bumped and skirred ;
The congregation caught no word
The parson said ;
The sleeping deacon never stirred
Nor raised his head.

The sanctuary etiquette
Is rigidly observed, and yet
How small a matter will upset
A congregation !
They seem to be so glad to get
Some variation.

The bug made for the parson next,
Who aimed a blow ; but, being vexed,
Misjudged the bug and struck the text
With such a force
He lost the manuscript annexed
Of his discourse.

The deacon's shiny head he spied,
And lighting there, began to slide

Like amateurs who cannot guide
 The roller skate ;
So large a bug had never tried
 The deacon's pate.

Each time the deacon's head would dip
The clumsy bug was sure to slip—
No matter how his beetleship
 Stuck in his toes—
Till, sliding down, he got a grip
 Upon the nose.

The sleeper tilted back his nose,
The small boy laughed, you may suppose ;
The fair sex only grabbed their clothes
 And moved a " leetle."
There's not much choice a woman shows
 'Twixt mouse and beetle !

His temper lost, the parson spake :—
" If I such sleepy sermons make
Not e'en a June bug can awake
 Good Deacon Gray,
I'll stop until the sexton take
 The bug away !"

The cross-eyed sexton, doomed by fate
To crooked vision, starting straight
On purpose to annihilate
 The hocus-pocus,
In his excitement didn't wait
 To get the focus,

But hit the deacon's polished crown
So hard the June bug tumbled down !

The deacon waking with a frown
At his arousers!
Meanwhile the clumsy beetle brown
Made up his trousers!

The deacon, terrified, took flight,
Whereat the parson called outright:
"Lord, send thy beetles to affright
That goodly number
Of saints who will the Gospel slight
By Sabbath slumber!"

WITH THE BOYS.

"TELL me, lady, of your husband, and your precious children three!

I've come hither from the fairies, to inquire how they may be.

There the one is famed for valor; beautiful the others are!
Tell me of them, happy mother, since I come so very far."

"Welcome, welcome, little fairy! must I tell you all I know?

Can I measure all my pleasure? Love will not be measured so!

Come sometime when they are present: come and see what one enjoys!

Valor's gone to gather flowers in the meadow with the boys."

"Tell me, lady, of your husband; are your children just as dear?

Does the love you give one darling with another interfere?"

"Love is like the rose's perfume : Fragrance plenty and
to spare !

He gets most who most inhalet, taking not another's
share.

Never man was like my husband : never children like to
mine.

Love, they say, was born in heaven ; surely, then, it is
divine !

Each one tugging at my heart-strings ; each one all my
love employs !

Valor now is gone a-fishing, gone a-fishing with the
boys."

• • • • •
"Tell me, lady, of your husband ; for you see I've come
again !

Tell me of those precious children ; they must now be
full-grown men.

Time, the bridegroom, has been placing orange blossoms
in your hair !

As I entered at the gateway, sang you not a martial
air ?"

"Strange you come, my little fairy, always come when
they're away ;

For I've always had them with me, ever with me till to-
day.

Thus I sang to cheer my courage : Valor's gone where
death destroys !

Husband's gone and left me waiting ; gone to battle
with the boys."

• • • • •
"Tell me, lady, of the loved ones ; tell me of your soldiers
four !

We have heard their valor spoken ; came they back
when war was o'er ?

Is the woeful artist busy, etching sorrow on your brow?
Once the happy wife and mother, can it be you're neither
now?"

"I'll no more sing martial music! Battle marches lose
their charms!

Back they came on martial shoulders, with their comrades
trailing arms!

Can I sing of love of country, that has buried all my joys?
Country now is but a churchyard where he's sleeping
with the boys."

SANTA CLAUS.

I AM that mythical, mystical thing—
The little ones' monarch, the children's king!
The mightiest ruler on earth am I;
My subjects outnumber the stars in the sky.
I'm ruler by right of the children's leave,
And visit them all on a Christmas Eve.
My soldiers are goblins and good little elves,
With nothing to conquer but conquer themselves.
I call and invisible myriads come,
At first with a faint, indescribable hum,
Then louder and louder; and, chattering fast.
These dear little goblins go scampering past
Till off in the distance the sound dies away.
Then back they come tumbling, and this what they say:—
"'An-a 'Au!

'An-ta Cau!

San-ta Claus!

San-ta Claus!

San-ta Claus!

'An-ta Cau!

'An-a 'Au!"

I'm king of the Northland, where, locked in the snow,
Are mysteries arctic the world may not know ;
White squadrons of icebergs stand guard evermore,
And ships of the nations ne'er come to my door !
My cities are built without labor or cost
By the delicate hand of the architect, Frost ;
With turreted castles on mountains of ice,
Like the palaces gleaming in paradise ;
Whose windows aglow make the universe bright,
Since Aurora has touched them with fingers of light.
My electrical lamp on the North Pole that gleams,
Is the bright polar star of the mariner's dreams.
I never get old, though my locks may be gray,
For a year unto me is a night and a day.
" 'An-a 'Au !

 'An-ta Cau !

 San-ta Claus !

 San-ta Claus !

 San-ta Claus !

 'An-ta Cau !

 'An-a 'Au !'

My workshops are temples more grand to behold
Than diamond peaks in a sunset of gold ;
With iced truss like the rainbow in hue,
Where Hoarfrost paints nightly his fresco anew.
There courtiers are craftsmen and artizans peers,
There lords are mechanics and skilled engineers ;
Each deft little goblin his genius employs
Throughout the long year manufacturing toys.
Then off on the wings of the frosty night air,
Each loaded with happiness, all he can bear ;
That little ones all through the world may receive
The wealth of my kingdom on Christmas Eve !

On the snow banks of heaven I come in my sleigh,
With elves and the goblins to herald the way :—

“ ‘An-a ‘Au !

‘An-ta Cau !

San-ta Claus !

San-ta Claus !

San-ta Claus !

‘An-ta Cau !

‘An-a ‘Au !! ”

To overgrown children, and those over wise,
I seldom appear in conventional guise ;
But send forth the elves and the fairies who leave
Some comfort for each on a Christmas Eve :
Compassion, who knocks at the wealthy man’s door,
While leaving a blessing, gets one for the poor.
Philanthropy bows, and the great millionaire
Returns the salute with a courtesy rare.
Mercy visits the sick, Plenty waits upon Want ;
Hope drinks with Despair at Utopia’s font.
Sweet Memory comes with her dreams of the past,
And Joy smiles with Sorrow while reveries last !
All these are invisible angels who bring
Peace on earth and good will, while the fairies all sing :—

“ ‘An-a ‘Au !

‘An-ta Cau !

San-ta Claus !

San-ta Claus !

San-ta Claus !

‘An-ta Cau !

‘An-a ‘Au !! ”

THE SHERIFF OF CERRO-GORDO.

"THE meanest way a man can ride
Is backward up a mountain side
In some old stage like this," I cried,
 "The cold winds blowing !"
"Look here !" said one, "you're not well versed.
The sheriff's ride is much the worst ;
He sends a party down feet first
 The way he's going !

"Speakin' o' sheriffs, just you wait !
We've got the best one in the State ;
You'll find him round early and late
 'Tendin' to biz.
And if the first one that we meet
On Cerro-Gordo's single street
Is not the sheriff, then I'll treat—
 The fault's not his."

And having nothing else to do
I listened while these miners few
Told their long yarns, and told 'em through
 To suit their notion.
At last we scaled the mountain brown ;
But when the driver set us down
We saw the little mining town
 Was all commotion.

Our friend, who seemed to be the "boss,"
Said :—"What's the matter here, old hoss ?"
The one addressed seemed at a loss
 To tell his grief,

But raising his uncovered head
"The sheriff's funeral!" he said;
"For know ye, 'boss,' our sheriff's dead,
Shot by a thief!"

"You've got the thief? Well, he can wait
Until the judge can fix his fate—
I mean Judge Lynch, the magistrate.
The self-same rope
That lowers the sheriff's coffin down
Shall drag this villain through the town
And hang him where he'll never drown,
High up the slope!"

"But haint ye got no funeral sense?
What, plant a pard, and send him hence
Without a word o' reference
From his last place?"
"We've done our best," responded they—
"For preachers never come this way,
And none of us knows how to pray,
Nor e'en say grace!"

"Stranger, look here, we're in a fix!
We knows a heap o' politics;
And there's no rock for drills and picks
That we haint blasted!
But when it comes to Bible truck
We're always driftin' out o' luck;
For that's a ledge we never struck!
We're flabbergasted!"

"We knows ye're smart! you've got the look
O' one as sometimes reads the Book."

Don't say ye never undertook
 To play the preacher ;
Ye haint got any critics here ;
And them as stands around the bier
Will always swear ye are the peer
 O' brother Beecher !

“ We're glad you're not, 'twixt you and me,
For ministers are apt to be
Too high for miners such as we,
 Down in the drift.
Although there's lots we sinners need,
Our hearts are bigger than our creed ;
But set us on some Christian deed,
 We'll work our shift !

“ The sheriff, sir, was brave and square.
The very fact he didn't swear
Would sort o' recommend him there,
 If you would say it.
Now if you'd tell the Lord a few
O' his good p'int's to help him through,
We'll gladly do as much for you.
 Expense—we'll pay it !

“ We oft agin' the Master's will
Go underneath, not up the hill ;
But yet the ore we send to mill
 Is not rejected.
With tender heart and honest brow ;
What though he died to stop a row,
He did the best as he know'd how !
 Is more expected ?

“ Sometimes in business one descends
To what his conscience ne’er commends ;
A man’s religion oft depends
 On his vocation.
So hoist his cage a little slow ;
’Twould disappoint the Lord, ye know,
To find our pard too far below
 Your commendation.

“ I’ll tell ye, stranger, just you say,
He warn’t a Sunday saint, no way !
But take his average, day by day,
 He’d clean up well.
Some low-grade mines pan out the more ;
But whether on the other shore
They judge a man as we judge ore
 Is hard to tell.

“ If we can only get him through
The pearly gates I think he’ll do !
Of course he’ll be a trifle new
 Among the sainted !
At first he’ll find the seraphim
A little offish—rather prim ;
But with his winnin’ ways, poor Jim
 Will get acquainted !

“ Just over yonder on the knoll
They’ve sunk a sort of prospect hole ;
Now, stranger, please to take control
 O’ this poor clay.”
Then he and I walked on ahead,
And sorrow followed with the dead,
While Heaven its benediction shed
 Of closing day.

They listened all with bated breath ;
I told them what the good Lord saith—
Man must in life prepare for death !

 Their hearts seemed riven.

I said—yet knew no reason why—
“ Your sheriff has gone up on high ! ”
Man never heard more grateful sigh
 For comfort given.

I'd got him up, but grew perplexed
To know what course I'd follow next
Tried to recall some pleasing text
 Would keep him there.
I'd leave him at the throne of grace,
E'en if I knew he ran a race
Hurrying to the other place
 Of dark despair.

I couldn't send him down to dwell—
To speak the truth, I couldn't tell
If there was such a place as hell ;
 I'd never been there !
Said :—“ At the golden gate there stood
Our Lord, so merciful and good,
That when the sheriff came, he would
 No doubt, get in there ! ”

Ah, who would not some comfort say
Where faith and hope had lost their way ?
And when I said, “ Now let us pray ! ”

 They soon were kneeling :
Down on both knees, with hat in hand !
Down on both knees in dirt and sand !
While none but God could understand
 How deep their feeling.

For not a single word was said,
 But in the presence of the dead
 Each bowed with his uncovered head
 In dumb devotion—
 At such a time speech must not rob
 The heaving breast of one faint sob—
 While prayers went up with every throb
 Of their emotion.

God listens best when silence prays !
 For measured word and rounded phrase
 Oft but the selfish pride betrays
 Of creed or schism.
 While melting prayers dropped from their eyes
 The sleeping sheriff to baptize,
 Think you kind Heaven would despise
 Such soul baptism ?

"OH, YEH-YUS!"

SHE was a downright Yankee gal,
 And always bore the nickname "Sal";
 Her speech was ungrammatical—
 In doubt she said : "*I gue-us !*"
 But when she was "dead sartin sure,"
 She was a trifle less obscure,
 And like the timid amateur
 She blurted out : "*Oh, yeh-yus !*"

She had a beau, a bashful swain,
 As odd as she and quite as plain,
 And born, like her, way down in Maine,
 Where people say : "*I gue-us !*"

He'd courted her for many a day ;
It mattered not how late he'd stay,
To what he'd ask she'd always say—
In Yankee drawl : “ *Oh, yeh-yus !* ”

One night, perplexed, he said : “ I swon,
Neow tell me, Sal, neow jist fer fun,
Would yeou git mad if I took one ? ”

She simpered out : “ *I gue-us !* ”
To take a kiss he knew not how,
But held her as he would a pleow ;
He sighed : “ And shall I take it neow ? ”
She stammered out : “ *Oh, yeh-yus !* ”

H'd never kissed a gal afore,
And thought he'd like to try it o'er—
And would she give him jist one more ?

She giggled out : “ *I gue-us !* ”
This time he kissed her as he should,
By taking all the time he could.
And when he asked her if 'twas good,
She smacked her lips : “ *Oh, yeh-yus !* ”

“ When gath'rin' fruit this comin' fall,
Might I not pick them kisses all ? ”

She hid her face beneath her shawl,
And snickered out “ *I gue-us !* ”

He sort o' kind o' kicked her shoe—
“ I've had a sneakin' love for yeou,
And will ye have me, Sal, fer true ? ”

She blurted out : “ *Oh, yeh-yus !* ”

At this he grew a trifle bolder,
And laid her head upon his shoulder—

“ Say ! have me neow or when I'm older ? ”

She twittered out ; “ *I gue-us !* ”

" I've sparked ye since I deon't know when,
But love ye more'n I loved ye then ;
Neow will ye have me ? Say't again ! "
And so she did : " *Oh, yeh-yus !* "

At length they sought the country squire,
Who saw too plainly their desire,
Yet thought it best he should inquire !
Said she : " Neow can't ye *gue-us* ? "
The judge, to joking not averse,
Said : " Take this man of meager purse
For ' better,' since you can't do ' worse ' ? "
She busted out : " *Oh, yeh-yus !* "

UNCLE EZRA'S STORY.

SOMEHOW these memorial meetin's
Recall the first days of the war,
When men were enlistin' for soldiers,
Not knowin' just what it was for.
My son Job and I were out plowin' ;
A horseman came hurryin' by,
A-shoutin' : " They've fired upon Sumter !
The war cloud is dark in the sky ! "

" Americans fightin' each other ? "
Said I to the man on the nag—
" A-blazin' away at the Eagle ;
A-tryin' to tear down the flag ? "
I started for town the next minute
Leavin' Job to manage the plow ;
By some means he got there before me,
I never exactly knew how !

The people were wild with excitement,
I reckoned the town had gone daft ;
Mechanics and merchants had gathered,
And some with the tools of their craft.
A flag was spread out on the table
Which held the mute paper and pen,
And speakers were tellin' the people
Why Lincoln was callin' for men.

Then hushin' that motley assemblage,
They called for the first volunteer !
When sign-painter Williams stepped forward
That silence burst into a cheer ;
And takin' the finest of brushes,
Up there at the head of the list
He marked down his name like an artist,
With never a shake of the wrist !

When next came the pride of the village,
The son of the poor Widow Mills,
You heard but the sobbin' o' women
And the scratchin' o' one o' the quills.
This deed of heroic devotion
We couldn't profane with our cheers—
Our voices were choked with emotion
That softly distilled into tears.

In writin' his name he'd forgotten
The dot that goes over the " i "—
Now, John had been layin' down carpets,
Supportin' his mother thereby.
The man at the table recalled him,
And John, quickly turnin' about,
A carpet-tack took from his pocket
And stuck where the dot was left out.

And drivin' it into the table,
Right down through the paper and all,
He spoke with a voice full o' feelin'—
The silence of death in the hall :—
“ I mean that my name shall remain there
Until the rebellion is done ;
Provided you'll care for my mother,
Whose only support is her son !

“ If the God of all battles decrees it
Your soldier shall never come back,
Just say that he died for his country,
And dotted his ' i ' with a tack ! ”
Then came such a rush for that table
As never can happen again ;
The names had quite covered the paper
'Fore I could get hold of the pen.

I saw by a glance up the column
My Job's name was down number three ;
And somehow the tears kept a-comin'
And bothered so I couldn't see !
And, takin' the pen from my fingers,
Job tightened his grip on my arm :—
“ Say, father, I'll tend to the nation
While you stay and tend to the farm ! ”

I warn't in the right mood for talkin',
I'd thinkin' to do of my own ;
And 'fore I was rightly adjusted,
Was walkin' home 'cross lots alone !
My heart and my brain were disputin',
While neither the argument won :—
“ Does a father think more of his country,
Or does he think more of his son ? ”

When Job had come home in the evenin'
Dressed up in his new soldier suit,
His mother at first didn't know him,
And kept on a-parin' the fruit.
Ere Job told the half of his story
She fell on his blue-coated breast ;
Her face, turnin' white as her apron,
Gave proof she mistrusted the rest.

On the neck of her boy she was sobbin'
Before I could get out of doors—
For somehow I chanced to remember
I hadn't quite finished the chores.
When Job came along I suggested
He bring out his old milkin' stool,
He replied :—" I belong to the nation,
I'm now under government rule !

" A soldier," he said, " was intended
To settle up Uncle Sam's rows,
And nothin' could be more debasin'
Than a corporal milkin' the cows !
There'd soon be a row in the barnyard--
A cow kickin' over the pail ;
A soldier resentin' an insult—
A slap from a brindle cow's tail ! "

" Wal, Job, I don't think I need worry,
You'll live through the present campaign ;
Their bullets will never disturb ye—
'Tis always the good boy that's slain ! "

Now, " Job," was a sort of a nickname,
Inherited when but a lad,
Not so much on account of his patience,
Perhaps, as the boils which he had.

My Job was cut out for a soldier—
Farm labor he always would shirk ;
He'd plenty of courage for fightin',
But never much courage for work.
His schoolin' was never quite finished,
For reasons durned easy to guess ;
The teacher once sot in to thrash him,
Which didn't turn out a success.

The day when our loved ones departed
Brave mothers were stiflin' their fears ;
Some handkerchiefs wavin' " God speed you ! "
But most of 'em wipin' up tears.
They went to the forefront of battle ;
They went there " determined to stay ! "
Ah ! some spoke more truth than they reckoned,
And haven't come back to this day.

We nervously scanned every paper ;
The list of the wounded we read ;
Hardly darin' to glance down the column
That told us the names of the dead.
Those months seemed like years to the anxious
While prayin' the war might be done,
Not thinkin' their prayers, to be answered,
Must sacrifice somebody's son !

Then lots of 'em came back disabled,
And some from the prisoner's tomb,
With not enough left for a soldier
And hardly enough to send home.
They told us our Job was promoted,
We didn't much care what it meant ;
So long as our boy was still livin',
The good wife and I were content.

The train with torn battle flags wavin'
Returned the old regiment home,
As ships bring to port, from a rescue,
Survivors picked out of the foam.
Somehow the rejoicin' got smothered
At hearin' the heart-broken weep—
The boys left so many behind 'em
Down under the daisies asleep !

Wife stood at the end of the depot
Embracin' an officer, tall—
I wouldn't have been over-flurried
At seein' her huggin' 'em all.
I was searchin' those dusty blue blouses,
And scannin' each battle-torn robe ;
Beginnin' to feel rather flurried
For fear they'd forgotten my Job.

“ Hello, Uncle Ezra ! ” said Johnny ;
“ You'll find the young colonel up there ! ”
“ Drat the colonel ! ” said I, gettin' worried,
“ I'm lookin' for my son and heir ! ”
“ Job's the colonel ! ” said Johnny. That flopped
me.

I sat on the steps and let go—
To think of his bein' a colonel,
Without even lettin' us know !

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

JUST where it is one never knows,
Beneath the folds it never shows ;
Above, below, before, behind—
A puzzle to the human mind—
Man never knows his helplessness
Until he tries in woman's dress
To find the pocket.

'Twas sooner found in early days
Before they had the polonaise ;
Dressmakers now are sore perplexed
To know just where to hide it next !
In these hard times of scanty purse
'Tis hard to find the dress—but worse
To find the pocket.

A fact by husbands too well known—
She finds his pocket—while her own
Is so concealed about her dress
It lost, long since, its usefulness.
She bears her purse now in her hand
Because she never can command
That hidden pocket.

You wonder why a coquette's heart
Is never pierced by Cupid's dart ;
'Tis not her fault, you must admit,
But Cupid's fault not finding it.
Love, being blind, cannot perceive
She wears her heart not on her sleeve
But in her pocket.

He's new to matrimonial cares
Who volunteers to run upstairs
And fetch a trifle, more or less,
His bride left in some other dress !
Believe me, nature ne'er designed
That mortal man should ever find
A woman's pocket.

He opens wide the closet door,
Each hook so full of robes galore,
That ere he finds the proper gown
Each dress in turn has tumbled down.
Into the placket hole at back
He thrusts his arm, alas ! alack !
'Tis not a pocket.

He drags it out in his despair
And spreads it o'er an easy-chair—
Lifts up each tuck and fold and seam,
Walks round and round as in a dream.
He's much too good a man to swear,
Yet undevoutly wonders where
She keeps that pocket.

He grabs it up and rushing down
Upon her lap tosses the gown :
“ In truth you are the *better half*
If you can find—— Why do you laugh ? ”
“ I laugh because you've brought me here
A petticoat, my hubby dear,
To find a pocket.”

Man finds a score with equal grace ;
They're always in the self-same place ;

But woman, since the world begun,
Could never locate even one.
We'll not except good mother Eve,
Who had no chance, as you perceive,
To wear a pocket.

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF HAMILTON SQUARE.

THE poor man paused, for the church was new ;
They put him back in the hindmost pew
Because his raiment was somewhat old,
For there they worshiped not God, but Gold.
Where Christians bow in jewels and lace
The Lord and beggar seem out of place ;
For pride and vanity worship there—
Not so in the Church of Hamilton Square.

The beggar sighed as he bowed his head,
“ If faith is heavenly wealth,” he said,
“ The poor are rich and the rich are poor ! ”
And out he went through the great church door.
“ I'll seek a certain chapel I know
Where all are welcome, the high and low ;
For pride sits not with a scornful air
In the little Church of Hamilton Square.

“ They worship God in the good old way
With humble heart, and they seem to say :—
' Thrice welcome, stranger, whoe'er you be,
This house is God's and the seats are free ! '
And while you sit in the Sabbath calm,
And hear the word and join in the psalm,
It seems just like a family prayer
In the little Church of Hamilton Square.”

BARNYARD MELODIES.

DELIGHTFUL change from the town's abode,
Is a charming drive on a country road ;
From the stifling air of the city's street
To the perfumed breath of the daisies sweet.

You halt your team at the farmer's gate,
He comes to open it ; while you wait,
Old Rover comes bounding down the hill
In spite of his master's " Rover, be still !"—
His barking shakes his thick shaggy coat,
While these notes roll from his deep-toned throat :—

Bow-wow-wow-wow !

Bow-wow-wow-wow !

On either side the fat hens take leg,
While others announce a new-laid egg :—

Cut-cut-cut—cu-da-cut !

Cut-cut-cut—cu-da-cut !

The rooster, shrill spokesman for the brood,
Says—one-third polite and two-thirds rude :—

I'm Cock-a-doodle-do !

And who the deuce are you ?

The ducks and drakes have the self-same quack—
They're just alike, save the curl at the back ;
For " *divers* " reasons they go to the pond,
For " *sun-dry* " reasons they strut around,
And waddle off like sailors a-spreeing.
And talk like doctors when disagreeing :—

Quack-quack-quack-quack !

Quack-quack-quack-quack !

The turkey gobbler comes charging round
With ruffled temper and wings aground ;
For fear he might his foe overtake
He gives alarm, then puts on the brake :—

Plip-gobble-obble-obble !

Plip-gobble-obble-obble !

The hog in the trough, with dirty feet ;
The more you give him the more he'll eat ;
This gourmand finds nothing to desire
When half asleep in the half-dried mire :—

R-r-r-ough-ff !—r-r-r-ough-ff !

R-r-r-ough-ff !—r-r-r-ough-ff !

The sow is teaching her litter of shoats
To speak *hog-Latin* with guttural throats :—

Ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee !

Ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee !

The calf and lamb at distance dispute
The right of bin with the hornèd brute ;
Their blat and bleat the hard-headed scorns
Where right and wrong's a question of horns :—

Bah ! bah !—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh !

Bah ! bah !—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh !

The barefoot boy, from the tender rows
Of corn, is driving the " pesky crows " ;
He stubs his toe, and they mock his pain :—
He throws a stone and they're off again :—

Caw-caw-caw-caw !

Caw-caw-caw-caw !

From out the meadow the lowing kine,
Treading the buttercups, come in line ;

Come with their soft tread through the grass,
Answer the call of the farmer's lass :—

Co'boss ! co'boss ! co'boss !—moo !

Co'boss ! co'boss ! co'boss !—moo !

They stand there meekly chewing their cud,
Whacking their sides with a sudden thud
To battle the flies ; the swinging tail
Meanwhile drops down in the frothing pail ;

So boss ! so boss ! so ! so ! so !

Stand still, Brindle ! Heist ! so ! so !

The king of the herd, imprisoned afield,
Is hooking the bars, quite loath to yield !
He paws up the earth with muscles tense,
And then, pacing down the long line-fence,
On neighboring chief, with haughty mien
And challenge hoarse, he vents his spleen :—

Mow-ow-ush ! mow-ow-ush !

Mow-oo ! mow-oo ! ow-ush !

The mare, knee deep in the clover bed,
Caresses her nursing thoroughbred ;
The well-fed oxen in stanchions meek ;
The plowboy grooming his horses sleek ;
They whisk their tails and nip at his back,
While down the curry-comb comes a-whack ;

"Whoa, Dan ! you rascal, stand still !

Cxh ! cxh ! cxh ! Gee up thar, Bill !"

The barn well filled with the bursting sheaves ;
The swallows twittering 'neath the eaves

Their song of plenty. The farmer's heart
And barn are full !—while he walks apart
And chants his thankfulness as he goes
By whistling the only tune he knows :—
“*Yankee Doodle !*”

JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN MAYNARD stood at the steamer's wheel ;
A common sailor, but true as steel.
Looking for heroes, you'd pass him by
Unless you happened to catch his eye,
That lens of the soul where one looks through
To find out whether a man will do
To leave at a post when danger is rife,
And stand there firm at the cost of his life—
And then you'd agree, with Captain “ Dan,”
That rough John Maynard was just the man.

Lake Erie was calm, the sky was clear ;
The steamer sped, as the fallow deer
Darts through the grass on the prairie old ;
'Twas life on deck, but death in the hold.
Little the joyful passengers knew,
As song rolled out o'er the water blue,
The echo sent back from the distant shore
Was Grief's *applause* and Death's *encore*.

The captain stood by the engineer ;
His face turned pale with a sudden fear :
A burst of smoke—no need to inquire,
That crackling noise—“ The steamer's on fire ! ”

Full quickly now his firm orders came :
“ Do all you can to keep back the flame !
Give all the steam the engine will stand ;
Our only hope is to make for land.

“ John Maynard ! ” “ *Aye, aye !* ” “ To the nearest shore !

Stand firm to the wheel as never before !
The steamer’s afire ! On you I depend
To save these souls !—Will you stand to the end ? ”
“ *Aye, aye, sir !* ” John’s words were ever few—
’Tis always the case with men that *do*.

And still the captain’s commands came loud,
And rang out clear o’er the wailing crowd :
“ All passengers out on the for’a’d deck !
We’ll do our best to keep it in check—
Shut passages up, all hatchways close ;
Stand by, my good men, and man the hose ! ”

The passengers rush to the figure-head,
As if in flight from a terrible dread—
Close crowding up where there’s little room,
Clinging despair on the neck of doom.

All hands have come up from down below ;
Their battle short, a moment-or so.
“ The engine runs without engineer, ”
The captain said, “ but someone must steer :
Will you stand firm ? ” John made no reply :
He would not speak without his “ *Aye, aye !* ”
He thought of home that held all his joy ;
His fond wife holding her bright-eyed boy,
With fat arms clinging to mother’s neck,
But ready for romps at his father’s beck ;

Two loves outweighing the world to him :—
What need to die? 'Twas an easy swim ;
He'd not be missed in the thick, black smoke ;—
His hand e'en slipped from the tiller spoke :
" Shall I stand here and give up my life,
And leave to want my baby and wife—
Far worse to me than to stand and burn ? "
But some voice whispered : " 'Tis now your turn."
Through rifts in the smoke those faces plead ;
He thinks of *Him* once willing to bleed ;
The voice of the captain pleads once more :
" Will you stand firm till we reach the shore ? "
All, breathless, wait his final reply—
It comes at last, *sailor-like* : " *Aye, aye !* "

" Be calm ! " said the captain, " wail no more !
A hero stands there—yonder the shore ;
Have faith in him, though you can't see through
The thick, black smoke, yet he'll *die* for *you* !
There's no greater faith beneath the sky
Than that I place in Maynard's '*Aye, aye.*' "

Beneath the deck 'twas a fiery maze,
Like some great furnace all ablaze ;
While hot smoke rose in its awful gloom,
As if to conceal that pilot's doom.
With one spot free where passengers stand,
The fiery demon rushes for land.

The pilot knows his moments are few :—
The smoke gives way, as the flames burst through
The upper deck and go roaring aft,
Then slowly creep up against the draft,
Like unbent sails crawling up the mast,
Till pilot house is enveloped at last.

The wheel and engine stop at the shore,
That hero's "*Aye, aye!*"—hushed evermore.

He stood there firm at the heated wheel ;
He stood there firm till he felt the keel
Grate in the sand of the shallow shore—
Till human flesh could stand it no more ;
And falling down on his funeral pyre,
His soul went up in *chariot of fire*.
Jehovah, the Captain, called him on high ;—
John Maynard obeyed with his last "*Aye, aye!*"

MURPHY'S DONKEY.

MURPHY was an old-time miner,
Fitted by the Great Designer
Just to prospect for the shiner,
 In and out the mining camp.
Home was where he might be staying,
On the mountain always straying,
With his donkey always braying,
 Sole companion of the tramp :
"Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy !"

Murphy got by worthless pledges
Grub to climb the mountain edges,
Sample all the curious ledges,
 In the hope of finding ore.
Strolling into camp one morning,
Petered out—died without warning,
Left no friend to do the mourning,
 Save the donkey at the door :
"Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy !"

They could neither bend nor fold him,
Hence no box they had would hold him,
In his blankets then they rolled him,
 Boards were scarce in early days.
O'er the grave where he was planted,
Room was to the donkey granted,
Who the service softly chanted
 In pathetic roundelays :
"Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy !"

Though the rites were not extensive,
Mountain graves are quite expensive ;
No one deemed it reprehensive
 When the auctioneer in town
Put the donkey up to sell him,
Bray he would, no one could quell him,
Nor the auctioneer excel him—
 "Who will bid ? I'll knock him down !"
"Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy !"

Spite of all his persevering,
Useless was his auctioneering,
With that donkey interfering,
 So he raffled off the brute ;
Turner cried, "As I'm a sinner,
All the sixes—I'm the winner !
But if e'er I hear him whinner
 Murphy's name, I'm bound to shoot."
"Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy !"

Homeward Turner tried to lead him,
But the donkey wouldn't heed him,
Turner thought he didn't need him,
 Since he wasn't in the mood ;

Bade him go, and die a-braying ;
Off he went, his long ears swaying,
Thanks on his long features playing,
Smiling back his gratitude :
“ Murphy ! Murphy ! Mu——Mu—— !! ”

Always for his master crying,
Ears attentive, eyes espying,
While the echo kept replying,
Like some burro far away ;
Thinking he had found another,
Up one canyon, then down t'other,
Looking for that donkey brother,
Chased the echo of his bray :
“ Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! Murphy ! ”

Night and day he kept on going,
Thinner, weaker, fainter growing,
Till the crows, by instinct knowing,
Followed on where he might guide.
Vainly calling the departed,
Finding no companion, darted
O'er the cliff, clean broken-hearted,
Down the abyss to suicide
“ Murphy ! Murphy ! Mu———!! ”

Those who witnessed the disaster
Said he never traveled faster,
Hoped that he had found his master,
But their hopes were turned to gall ;
For they saw his ghost still straying
On the mountain, nightly braying,
With its ghostly echo saying :
Suicides are donkeys all.
“ Murphy ! Murphy ! [echo] Mur-ee ! Mur-ee ! ”

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

IN ancient days, when valor marked the man
And prowess made him master of his clan,

When might was right, and polished steel was law,
A famous knight a wondrous vision saw :—

Returning from the tournament, he lay
Upon the barren moor at close of day.

His mighty lance, that chivalry defied,
And all his glittering armor laid aside,

He seemed by nature formed to master men ;
Having the weight of two, the strength of ten.

His battle-ax, no other knight could swing,
To him was light as scepter of a king.

He held the list, so great a knight was he,
Against the pride and flower of chivalry ;

And oft the tide of battle to restrain
Stalked like the sickler through the harvest grain.

Falling asleep, while musing on his fame,
He dreamed a stranger knight unarmored came,

And with a slender rapier touched his breast ;
The startled knight the stranger thus addressed :

“ And who art thou—or knight or page or squire—
That com’st to me in such a strange attire ? ”

To whom the stranger said : “ Behold in me
The knighthood of the Nineteenth Century.”

“What mail hast thou beneath thy robes concealed
That makes thee bold? Thou hast nor arms nor shield!

“Quaint knight, to challenge me thou dost presume,
With nothing knightly ’bout thee, save thy plume;

“The weight of my huge sword would cleave in twain
That casque of thine which barely sheds the rain;

“That rapier toy thou dost so deftly wear
Will serve as bodkin for my lady fair;

“For since thou hast defied me on the road
My lance shall spit thee as it would a toad.

“If knight thou claim’st to be, pray tell me how,
Unarmed, thou dost maintain thy knightly vow:

“The Oath of Chivalry that poets sing:—
Defense of God, the ladies, and the king?”

“Defense of God,” quoth he, “we ne’er pretend,
For Heaven itself can Heaven itself defend.

“Protect the ladies? Yes: the precious elves;
But bless your soul, they can protect themselves.

“Although we’re seldom charged with their defense
Pray do not think they’re any less expense;

“And kings are luxuries, beyond a doubt,
The world is learning fast to live without.”

“Mankind to man refuse to bow the knee,
And kings are only kings by courtesy.

“I represent”—at this his proud lip curled—
“An age where mind, not muscle, rules the world.”

" Since thou hast challenged me, unarmored knight,
Use thou thy weapon, I unarmed will fight.

" But that thy boldness earns respect from me,
With this mailed gauntlet I would chasten thee.

" Or, if inclined, clutching thee by the frock,
Dash out those brains upon the wayside rock

" Thou claim'st as thy defense—and thou should'st find
That muscle still is master over mind ;

" I'll take thee 'neath my arm and squeeze thee there
As one would play a bagpipe at a fair,

" And thou shalt feel me piping at thy throat
And swanlike die with thine expiring note ! "

Replied the stranger :—" Sir, you'd best reflect ;
Before we're done you'll speak with more respect ;

" Before the title of *brave* knight you earned,
A little *caution*, too, I ween you learned.

" While man is human he should never scorn ;
No man so great but greater may be born."

At which the knight made at him, thus defied ;
Meanwhile the stranger nimbly stepped aside ;

Drawing his pistol, as he turned around,
Fired through the empty helmet on the ground.

Amazed the trembling knight, prostrate with fear,
Gasped : " What infernal noise is this I hear ?

" And art thou, sir, the devil in disguise ?
Is that the thing with which to civilize ? "

" I am but mortal, sir, pray have no fear—
His majesty ne'er puts on knightly gear.

" This pistol, sir, the product of the mind,
Unto one common level brings mankind.

" Be not amazed, 'tis but a common toy,
And rates the giant with the crippled boy.

" Look where the bullet pierced your helmet through.
'Tis well, Sir Knight, I did not shoot at you,

" Although the instrument is well designed
To impress an argument upon the mind.

" Here's dynamite—a modest powder brown,
That burrows earth and tears the mountain down.

" Should I the wonders of the age explain,
Your feeble mind would hardly bear the strain.

" It is enough, Sir Knight, for you to know.
True chivalry doth not in armor go :

" Who conquers others doth much valor show ;
Who conquers self subdues the greater foe.

" The fiercest wars are battles of the mind—
Bring sweeter peace and leave less ills behind.

" If swords bring death, far better that we break them,
And help poor orphans rather than to make them :

" Twere far more valorous to wield the spade ;
For making widows is a sorry trade.

" They need no armor who, in modern years,
Shed benefits instead of purple tears.

"Not he alone of great athletic might,
Or skill to use the sword, may be a knight.

"But every man who scorns oppression's rod,
Loves country, home, his mother, and his God ;

"Who can be *cautious*, too, as well as *brave*,
And bear through life his honor to the grave—

"A life of purity without pretense,
Of *charity* and sweet *benevolence*—

"Twin virtues by which chivalry may find
Man's greatest glory is to bless mankind.

He is true knight in whom these virtues blend !
The truest knight is truest to his *friend* ;

"For *friendship*—grandest boon to mortals given—
Creates on earth a little bit of heaven."

A while in wonder he the stranger scanned,
Acknowledging defeat with proffered hand.

"I'll be a modern knight henceforth," said he,
"For thou, unarmored knight, hast conquered me.

"I feel a power within that's greater than
The sinewed might of any mortal man.

"No more shall my huge lance on tented field
Strike down opposing knight too brave to yield.

"The foremost knight shall be the foremost man
And, chivalrous, turn good Samaritan !"

The archers o'er night's ramparts had begun
To shoot the golden arrows of the sun

Before the dreamer, waking, found that he
Had wandered in some future century.

He felt the soul within, beyond a doubt,
Was greater than the mighty man without—

The spirit, the aspiring mind and heart,
Alone were heaven's eternal counterpart ;

That prowess after all was empty name,
And noble deeds the surest road to fame.

His knightly banneret aside he flung,
His armor on the castle wall he hung,

And, doffing helmet for the priestly hood,
Was ever after known as " Friar Good" ;

Left *friendship's* bounty at the widow's door,
And carried life where he took death before ;

While seeds of *charity* gave better yield
Than all the glory of the battle field ;

True knighthood never had a truer friend,
Nor faith and works a brighter, holier end.

ITALIO.

ITALIO paused while crossing the Thames
On London Bridge of a summer's day ;
And he watched the pigeons with eyes like gems
And their wings of freedom to fly away.

And he thanked his Maker for freedom as well—
For freedom that long had been out of his reach,
While immured in a murky political cell,
Because he indulged in the freedom of speech ;

When a lad, who was whistling a national air,
Came, bearing a cage that was rudely made
To contain little birds that his skill might ensnare,
And skylarks that day were his stock in trade.

"Then a you are a jailor !" Italio said,
In that dialect known for its musical charm ;
"A vera young jailor, wee curla head,
And you carra da preeson beneatha your arm.

"Praya why do you keepa da leetala bird
Behinda da bars in da summair time ?
Nevair in alla da life have I heard
Da heaven-lark evair committed a crime !"

"Look 'ere !" said the lad, "w'ere's yer bloomin' eyes ?
Ye never see jailbirds wi' garments so brown.
'Tis a lark just imported from up in de skies ;
'Ere's the bird an' the cage, sur, at 'arf a crown !"

"Woulda freedom to all were so vera cheap :
A crown woulda buy man hees libertee !

Whata right hava you in da bondage to keep
Whata nature and God hava mada so free?"

"Ye talks like a parson, sur, full o' his text!
An' if ye'd allow o' me sayin' a word—
W'ile 'opin' as 'ow, sur, ye wouldn't be wexed—
I'll pass roun' me 'at, sur, to pay for the bird."

Italio smiles as he pays him the price;
Then caressing the lark, from his broad open palm
Lets him fly away, up to the birds' paradise
Of the blue and the white and the gold, with a psalm.

"Thus do I letta da leetal bird go!
Restoring to nature a bird and a song;
And flinging da cage to da reevair below,
Eacha go to da place where he moſta belong.

"From da clover, da daisie, da butteracup—
Da meadow's perfume on hees velveta wing—
He carra da incense which nature send up!
Sole envoy to Heaven, smalla wonder he sing!

"As thou risest up from thy dewy nest
To waken da sun wi' dy matina hymn,
Hees golden arrows he shoot at dy breast
As he benda hees bow o'er da mountaina rim.

"I knowa da joy in dy littala throat!
And up at da weendow of heaven I see
De angel enchant' wi' dy mellow note;
Taka dema da kiss wheech I gava to thee!

"Farawell leetal bird! fetcha word from on high,
Wheecha creed of mankinda be right, whicha wrong.
Da soul of da mortal dat seeka da sky
Shall not losea da way if it follow dy song."

How many a bird from its cage is freed
 By an act of kindness the world may spare.
 And touching the lip of a generous deed,
 Toward heaven is kissed by a practical prayer.

THE GHOST OF AN OLD CONTINENTAL.

I'M the ghost of an old Continental,
 Come back for the Fourth of July !
 Now don't you go pilin' on questions,
 Or, Yankee-like, I shall reply
 By askin' you questions. *Whence came I?*
 It isn't quite right you should know ;
 But this much I'll tell you, good people—
 I didn't come up from *below* !

I came for a sort of a sojourn,
 To see how you're keepin' the day ;
 If you'd keep it up this way forever,
 I reckon I'd just like to stay !
 The people and customs have altered,
 You'll scarcely believe it is true ;
 But, searchin' from ocean to ocean,
 I found only one thing I knew :

The savage had fled with the forest ;
 Great cities in haunts of the stag ;
 I wouldn't have known my own country
 If I hadn't caught sight o' the flag !
 There's a heap more o' stars in the corner ;
 The blue field you're tryin' to fill
 With States that I never yet heard of,
 But the old thirteen stripes are there still !

I reckon I'm quite out of fashion,
For meetin' some city gallants
They asked where I purchased my wardrobe
And picked up these bicycle pants.
In my day the men wore knee-breeches—
I trust the allusion won't vex,
But those long ones I see the men wearin'
Were worn by the opposite sex !

This bicycle business reminds me
I've got no amazement to spare ;
I'd heard of 'em walkin' on water,
But never o' walkin' on air !
They showed me their spinnin'-wheel buggy,
And said I could ride, bein' shown ;
But never again will I straddle
A wagon that won't stand alone !

The light in the gas-jet is burnin' ;
The anthracite coal on the hearth ;
Blue blood pulses out in petroleum
By probin' the veins of the earth !
By the light of a tallow dip candle
Our bashful youth courted the lass ;
But now, when they're doin' their sparking,
They turn on the *natural gas* !

I met such a singular creature,
Which someone observed was a *dude* ;
While gazin' in wonder upon him
He said I was *howidly wude* !
When I was a youngster the monkeys
Went round on hand-organs content,
While Italy makea de moosic
De monkey he catcha de cent !

I wanted an old flint-lock musket
With ramrod and long powder-horn ;
They asked me in perfect amazement,
“ Wal, stranger, pray when were you born ? ”
The sight of their breech-loadin’ rifles,
And Gatlin’ guns turned by a crank,
With bullets stuck into a thimble,
Bewildered this old-fashioned Yank !

I told ’em I reckoned I wasn’t
Familiar with new Yankee tricks !
I’d a-settled the whole Revolution
If I’d had ’em in *seventy-six* !
Imagine me fightin’ at Yorktown,
A-mowin’ ’em down on the run,
As I used to cut swaths in the meadow—
A-tryin’ this new-fangled gun !

The spinnin’ and weavin’ and knittin’
Are numbered with things obsolete :
A woman now wabbles a pedal,
And sewin’ is done with the feet !
But speakin’ o’ wobble reminds me—
One custom they cannot forget :
The women did most of the talkin’—
I find they are doin’ it yet !

Some monstrous electrical spiders,
It seems, have been plyin’ their trade ;
The network of wire o’er the cities
Is naught but the web they have made.
And so they keep spinnin’ and weavin’
As if human bein’s were flies ;
Once caught in the toils of its meshes,
This buzzin’ humanity dies !

This telephone beats all creation—
A coffee-mill stuck on the wall ;
One turn of the crank, and the nation
Stands waitin' at your beck and call !
When I go back yonder and tell 'em
The people are talkin' by wire,
They'll say " It's just what we expected—
The Devil's had hold of the *Squire* ! "

But what will they say when I tell 'em
The navy is runnin' by steam ;
The railroad has tunneled the mountain
And bridged every canyon and stream ;
Torpedo-sharks swim in the ocean ;
The dynamite fiend is well known ;
Electrical lights furnish lovers
With nice fickle moons of their own ?

Steel pens and type-writers have driven
The old-fashioned quill out of use,
And the genius of authors no longer
Soars around on the wings of a goose !
Your new incubators have taken
The poetry out of the hen ;
And Darwin, with strange evolution,
The vanity out of the men !

In my day men came from the cradle ;
Evolution don't prosper so well
If that is the best it can furnish—
The la-de-da dude and the swell.
Far better if Darwin had left 'em
Back where evolution began,
Than spoil a respectable monkey
In tryin' to eke out a man !

To watch a balloonist ascendin'
I borrowed an opera-glass,
Observin' : " when I journeyed upward,
I didn't need hydrogen gas ! "
But, wonder of wonders ! they asked me
To ride in a flyin'-machine,
And take a trip over the ocean
To visit the jubilee Queen !

Though intended to be a free country,
I fear you will make it too free,
Since foreigners bound to outbreed ye
Are bound to outvote ye, ye see !
The freedom of ballot's a blessin'
When left to the honor of men,
But giv'n to the scum of creation—
Pray what do you think of it then ?

You'll excuse my great love for that banner,
Which now is the pride of the world ;
I bore it at old Saratoga,
The very first time 'twas unfurled !
And if ever you need our assistance,
To keep the old flag in the air,
Send a message up yonder to glory ;
All the old Continentals are there !

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

MIDWAY to heaven I stand between two skies :
The blue above, the purple one below.
Far down the depths the screaming eagle flies,
To solitude the solitary foe.

Clutching a shrub, and leaning o'er the brink
I see a river dwindle to a thread ;
So far below parched Nature may not drink ;
A vein of life still pulsing through the dead.

The soft white clouds float o'er the canyon brown,
Like troops of angels stealing from the sky ;
Thus heaven smiles brightest where earth wears a frown,
While grandeur ever lifts the soul on high.

Heaven finds on earth some quiet dwelling-place,
Where e'en the skeptic must his Maker scan
And cry in awe before Him, face to face :
How infinite is God ! How puny, man !

THE DEAD REGIMENTS.

THESE mounds, undulating, make waves on the sod,
Like the billows of time in the ocean of God.

O'er the wrecks of rebellion, the lost and the slain
In the tempest of strife, floating up on the main,
Close packed like the drift-wood washed up by the surf,
God spread his tarpaulin of sanctified turf ;
Thus heaven made the tents
Of the dead regiments.

They had ended their war ere the battle was over,
And poured out their blood making crimson the clover.
You thought they were sleeping—you found they were
 dead,
And not to disturb them just lowered their bed ;
You raised Nature's blanket and laid them close under,
Where no bugle wakes them, nor hoarse cannon's thun-
 der.
 Grave's mute residents,
 Are the dead regiments.

Above them still bloom the wild flowers of the nation—
They nourish the plants for their own decoration ;
 Serenely they sleep without mattress or pillow
 'Neath tents that are green as the sun-crested billow.
Many times they had slept on the grass and the sod
Ere they went into camp, with the army of God.
 Now those beds are the tents
 Of the dead regiments.

ELSIE ADAIR.

ELSIE, Elsie, sweet Adair ;
Hail you from the upper air ?
Graceful as the fabled fairy
In your silken robes so airy ;
With the mellow music swaying ;
While the colored lights are playing
On the vision transitory ;
'Tis a picture out of glory ;
For with angels you compare,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair ;
With a smile so debonnair ;
Graceful as the waving willow,
Or the rolling, dancing billow ;
Turning, twisting, swinging, bending ;
Every charm on thee attending,
With such melody of motion,
One cannot resist the notion :
Hearts are broke beyond repair,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

Elsie, Elsie, have a care,
Sommersaulting in the air !
Lucky worm whose gorgeous spinning
Robes the dancing maid so winning ;
While the silken wings go whirling,
Fold on fold, in rapture curling ;
Deeming it a pleasant duty
To enfold such grace and beauty.
Chaste and charming thing of air,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

STUTTERING BILL ON THE HEN.

THE h-hen's a feathered f-flirt !
She's neither b-bird nor owl ;
She wallers in the d-dirt,
And so they calls her f-fowl.

Her head is on w-w-one end,
Her t-t-tail is stuck on t-t'other ;
But nothin' t-t-to commend,
Like that owned b-by her b-brother.

D-dame Nature rarely f-fails,
Nor l-leaves her f-friends bereft,
But w-when she gave out t-t-tails,
Somehow the h-hen got l-left.

Her wings are like her t-t-tail :
Of no account at all.
When f-flyin' from a rail,
They only b-break the f-fall.

All d-day she is a h-hen ;
At night whene'er she ch-choose-ter
Go off to b-bed, why, then
She's n-nothin' but a r-rooster.

No female g-gossip knows,
Because she st-stays at home.
She s-sleeps in her b-best clothes,
And w-wears her hair in c-c-comb.

The b-best known incubator—
Until some Y-Yankee l-lout
Improved the h-hen creator,
Whose p-patent right r-run out.

Watch M-Mother Shanghai st-stride ;
So like those v-vain dragoons ;
Her f-feet she t-tries to hide
With f-feather p-pantaloons.

When B-Bridget scrubs the k-kitchen,
And gets it c-clean and n-neat,
These h-hens stand round j-jess itchin'
To use their m-muddy f-f-feet.

These hens are q-uite exclusive :
 Believin' etiquette
 To b-be a th-thing delusive,
 Each h-holds to her own s-s-set.

A b-bantam hen h-had I,
 With little ch-chick to match it ;
 She said : " I cannot l-lie—
 It was my l-little h-hatchet ! "

My r-rooster crows f-for fun ;
 And he will always d-d-do so.
 I named him Robinson
 J-j-jess because he Crew-so !

MRS. FLANDERS.

SALLY HIGGINS wasn't smart ;
 She lacked the brains, but not the heart ;
 She'd lots o' space for Cupid's dart,
 For which a woman panders ;
 And she wa'n't much on beauty nuther ;
 With none to love—not e'en a brother :
 The Bible says : " Love one another "—
 So she loved Billy Flanders.

An' sometimes Billy 'd hang areound ;
 Sit on the fence er on the greound,
 An' try to look a bit profeound ;
 Both thumbs in his suspenders :
 " It ain't much matter what folks say ;
 She's smart as I am any day ;
 Thar hain't much larnin' come my way,
 More'n any other Flanders'."

Said Sal : " I 'spect he'll ask of me
That Mrs. Flanders I will be ;
Then I must seem composed—te-he !

Not like the Goosy Ganders.
I'll have to practice heow to walk,
An' heow to act, an' heow to talk,
So not to seem a silly gawk
When I am Mrs. Flanders.

" Yeou long-tailed squirrels, every one,
I'm willin' you should watch the fun ;
But, mind ye, don't ye laugh, nor run
An' scatter any slanders !
Yeou little birds up in the trees,
Jest yeou watch eout that no one sees,
When my own hand I gently squeeze,
As if 'twere Billy Flanders'."

But just as her untutored ear
Had grown accustomed oft to hear
The sweet words : " Mrs. Flanders, dear,"
She met a Mr. Sanders,
Who thereupon made her a call ;
And—what d'ye think ?—he had the gall
To ask her hand ; and got it all,
Instead of Billy Flanders.

" I've gin ye both my heart an' hand ;
They're yeours till death shall take command ;
But when ye learn what I had planned,
I guess ye'll have the ' janders ' !
Fur, neow it's fixed, I'll tell ye what :
My calculation's all upsot,
Fur 'sted o' gittin' the man I've got
I 'spected I'd git Flanders.

I've practiced t'other name so long
 It's like a good old-fashioned song,
 That, once got right, ye can't git wrong ;
 Think so, Mr. Sanders ?
 Till I can sort o' change my text
 I trust ye'll not be gittin' vexed
 If, when they ask, I git perplexed
 An' say : " I'm Mrs. Flanders ! "

OLD EAGLE.

FEAR not, grand eagle,
 The bay of the beagle !
 No hunter his gun will incline !
 He's branded with shame
 Whoever takes aim
 At thy freedom, a right divine !

Great bird, thou art king
 Of all that bear wing !
 And this was thy country of old !
 'Way back in creation,
 Before 'twas a nation,
 Or known to Columbus, the bold.

With the red man, primeval,
 Thy birthright's coeval,
 By Deity given in feoff !
 'Twas not his war bonnet,
 But thy plumage on it,
 Made the crown of the old Indian chief !

As the dove was the guide
To the ark on the tide,
To freedom thou ever hast been—
Flying out on the sea
To greet Liberty,
And pilot the *Mayflower* in !

The sunset red
On the white clouds shed
Made stripes for our goddess divine—
She stitching the bars,
Thou bringing the stars,
Completing the grand design.

'Twas thy sweeping wing
Did the first breath bring
To the sail of the old *Constitution* ;
And from first to last
Thou didst wheel 'round her mast
In the smoke of the great Revolution.

Start not from thy poise
At that rumbling noise
When the lightning and storm disagree ;
It is not a battle,
'Tis only the rattle
Of heaven's artillery.

From thine eyrie, the crag,
Watch over thy flag,
And ne'er let it trail in the dust !
Soaring high in the air
Ever this ægis bear :
“ *In Freedom and God is our Trust.*”

Fear not, grand eagle,
The bay of the beagle !
No hunter his gun will incline !
He's branded with shame
Whoever takes aim
At thy freedom, a right divine !

THE BROGUE I BROUGHT OVER THE OCEAN.

I'm a bright Irish maid,
Wid an excellent trade :
I wash up the dishes, and cook.
Though I ne'er went to school,
I am nobody's fool ;
I'm smarter, a heap, than I look !
Whinever I take a good notion,
To mistress I show great devotion.
I've a very rich brogue,
Which a handsome young rogue
Declares I brought over the ocean.
Across the sea
I'm Biddy McCree ;
But Patrick declares he's a notion
O' changin' my name,
Though he loikes the same
Wid the brogue I brought over the ocean.
Patrick says it's no harm
To hold me wid his arm,
Though it came to his mind by degrees ;
An' he thinks, I declare,
I would slip off me chair
If he didn't hold on wid a squeeze.

I axed where he picked up the notion
O' showin' me waist such devotion.

 "Someone else, I suppose,
 Your arm would inclose
If I hadn't come over the ocean!"

 Across the sea
 I'm Biddy McCree;
But Patrick declares he's a notion
 O' changin' my name,
 Though he loikes the same
Wid the brogue I brought over the ocean.

 Patrick made this reply,
 Wid a look in his eye
Which made me believe what he said :
 "Sure, no angel above
 Equals Biddy, me love!
For the want of yer smile I'd be dead!"
Whin so nately he spoke his devotion,
I thought I would "second the motion":
 "If 'twill save ye from dyin,'
 There's no use denyin'
I did well to come over the ocean."

 Across the sea
 I'm Biddy McCree;
But Patrick declares he's a notion
 O' changin' my name,
 Though he loikes the same
Wid the brogue I brought over the ocean.

PADDY MOORE.

PADDY MOORE was all Irish, and no doubting it ;
If you doubted the name, you could tell by the wit.

A policeman he was, of material raw,
Who had taken the oath of enforcing the law.

He would serve any warrant, it mattered not how,
Though he couldn't be trusted to settle a row ;

One never could tell, when he'd finished the job,
Which was the officer, which was the mob.

Some Irish excuse for such conduct he'd find :
" Whin I grab me shillalah, the law slips me mind ! "

John Lynch was a drunkard whom Paddy knew well,
For always when tipsy his story he'd tell :

" I was born on the ocean that far from the land
How to fix up me age I can not undhershtand.

" Bein' out on the waves, I was born long before
I came into the world, don't ye see, Paddy Moore.

" Bein' born to no counthry, I must be a rogue ;
But, bedad, I'm not Dutch, ye can tell by the brogue.

" I've been earnin' me bread by the shweat o' me brow ;
I think it's skilled labor they're callin' it now.

" I can handle the shovel along wid the best ;
But the skill o' me labor is shtoppin' to rest.

" Let none o' yees doubt, though I can't write me name,
I'll be *makin' me mark* in the world jist the same.

" I'm a voter, bedad, though me brogue is that thick
That ofttimes I strike it mysilf wid a pick.

" But a terrible failin' lies hard at me door :
'Tis a love for the liquor I'll never git o'er ;

" For, though I was born in the midst of the brine,
An' all those sweet mermaids are sisters o' mine,

" I was that scared o' water, for fear I should drown,
That niver since then could I kape the stuff down."

In New Brunswick, New Jersey, John Lynch chose to
dwell ;

And, barring mosquitoes, it suited him well :

He had cranberries cheap, an occasional strike,
And " old applejack " plenty whenever he'd like.

But he liked it too often, and liked it too much ;
And whenever in liquor his temper was such

That the demon of drink would incite him to crime ;
And for beating his wife he had many a time

Been under arrest ; till he swore by the pen
He would never be locked up in prison again !

Though the spirit is willing, the flesh may be weak,
And the spirits he took were too strong, so to speak ;

And the brute took to beating his wife as before—
The brute always beats what he ought to adore ;

And, hearing a warrant was issued, he said :

" I'll straightway go hang myself out in the shed."

Paddy there found him hanging, and said : " I declare !
Ye've got up in the world ! Are ye takin' the air ?

“ Did ye tie yerself up to be here when I came ?
Or hang up like poultry to show ye died game ?

“ Fie ! fie ! Mr. Lynch, ye’re a livin’ disgrace ;
Yer deeds are that dark ye’ve turned black in the face.

“ For fear ye’d not rise wid such crimes on yer head,
Ye had resurrection before ye were dead.

“ To make sure ye are dead, here’s a drop of old rye ;
If there’s any life in ye, ’twill open yer eye.

“ Excuse me for temptin’ ye, I didn’t note
Ye’d sworn off from drinkin’ an’ tied up yer throat.

“ Ye’ll go where the people are thirsty, I think,
So kape yer throat tied—ye’ll find nothin’ to drink.

“ Though ye seem to be dead, there’s a doubt in me mind
How yer life could get out wid yer throat so confined.

“ Be ye livin’ or dead let the coroner say,
I’ve no right to be wastin’ a warrant this way.

“ Though ye’re too dead to vote, ye shall not ’scape the
law ;
Ye’re a citizen while ye can hold up yer jaw.

“ Ye are served wid the warrant beyond e’er a doubt,
’Tis there in yer pocket, the end stickin’ out.

“ Ye’ll not go to heaven right soon, any rate ;
While ye’re under arrest, ye’ll not dare leave the State.

“ ’Tis no use to go up to St. Peter and try
To get in through the gate wid that look in yer eye.

“ He’d know right away whin he’d look at yer face
Ye’ve a very bad character from yer last place.

" St. Peter is kind and forgivin', I know,
Excusin' the most of our frailties below,

" But there isn't a crime that would damn ye that quick
As strikin' a woman, ye cowardly mick !

" Though ye beg to get in, he will not be herranged ;
Whin he looks at yer paper, he'll say : ' You be hanged ! '

" Whin he sees by the paper ye're wanted below
By his friend Paddy Moore, he'll command ye to go !

" An' ye'll ax him : ' Down where ? To New Jersey,
or—well,
That place which the newspapers niver dare spell ? '

" An' St. Peter will say, wid a smile in his voice :
' Take yer pick, Mr. Lynch ; 'tis a matter of choice ! ' "

" SAID I."

HARRY is tall and full of grace,
But such a bashful lover
That when I gaze on his fair face
The blushes creep all over.
How strange he never understood
I knew each tender feeling ;
And plainly saw the love he would
Oft hide, without concealing.
" Why don't he ask ? " said I ;
" Why don't he ask ? " said I.
" How shall he know
I love him so
Unless he ask ? " said I.

To-day he gently took my hand ;
No one could hold it lighter !
I drew it so he'd understand
That he must hold on tighter !
I said : " There's something on your mind ;
Pray tell me of it, Harry."
He only asked : " How shall I find
If she I love will marry ? "
" Why don't you ask ? " said I ;
" Why don't you ask ? " said I.
" It might be so ;
How can you know
Unless you ask ? " said I.

At last he spoke, with many a sigh,
Which is the lover's comma :
" 'Tis you I mean ! " " Ah, well," said I,
" You better ask my mamma ! "
He sighed : " I love but you alone !
Don't send me to another.
Although she's very sweet, I own,
I do not want your mother ! "
" Well here's my hand," said I ;
" But understand," said I,
" Not finger tips,
But rosy lips,
Were made to kiss ! " said I.

Young men are often so profuse
With kisses one can't trust 'em ;
But he so little knew their use
I'm sure 'twas not his custom !
He took a lesson then of me—
Though teaching's not my mission—

And learned it, oh, so rapidly
I'm sure 'twas intuition.
 " Just take them all ! " said I ;
 " Just take them all ! " said I.
 " By taking many
 You'll not leave any
 " For other lads," said I.

WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN'.

SAY, Jim, ye wanter see the fun ?
Jemimy's sparkin's jess begun !
Git deown—this box won't hold but one
 Fer peekin' though the winder !
Yeou stay down thar jess whar ye be ;
I'll tell ye all thar is to see ;
Then you'll enjoy it well as me ;
 An' deon't yeou try to hinder !

That teacher is the dumbdest goose
That Cupid ever turned eout loose ;
His learnin' hain't no sort o' use
 In sparkin' our Jemimy !
Though peekin's 'ginst the golden reule,
He told us tother day in scheool
To watch him close ; so git a steool
 An' stand up here close by me.

Neow he's got suthin' in his head
That somehow ruther's gotter be said ;
Keeps hitchin' up, an' blushin' red,
 With one leg over t'other.

He wants to do the thing up breown.
Wall, he's the biggest gawk in teown :
Showin' her pictur's upside deown ;
An' she don't know it nuther !

He's got his arm areound her chair,
And wonders if she'll leave it there.
But she looks like she didn't care !
I'll bet he's goin' to kiss 'er :
He's gittin' closer to her face,
An' pickin' out the softest place,
An' sort o' measurin' off the space,
Jess so as not to miss 'er.

If she'd git mad, an' box his ear,
'Twould knock his plans clean out o' gear,
An' set him back another year ;
But she hain't goin' to do it :
She thinks the teacher's jess tip-töp,
An' she won't let no chances drop ;
If ever he sets in to pop,
She's goin' to pull him through it !

I gum ! an' if he ain't the wust !
Waitin' for her to kiss him fust !
He's goin' to do it neow er bu'st :
He's makin' preparation !
Neow watch him steppin' on her toes—
That's jess to keep her down, I s'pose.
Wall, thar, he's kissed her on the nose !
So much fer edecation !

THE GOLDEN GATE.

"YERBA BUENA" sends a token
From her garden in the West :
Blossoms with the stems unbroken,
Wild ones gathered from her breast ;
And a bit of ocean glory,
With a peep about the State ;
'Tis a little picture story :
Gleanings by the Golden Gate.

Yonder forts that lie a-dozing
Like old castles by the sea,
Wonder if they seem imposing,
What their usefulness may be ;
With the round shot sleeping under
Soothing fragrance of the bowers,
And the cannon, robbed of thunder,
Being captured by the flowers.

In such glorious golden weather
As the seasons with them bring
You are puzzled guessing whether
It is summer, fall, or spring :
'Tis not summer for the reason
There is no oppressive heat ;
Nor, indeed, the winter season
With the flowers at your feet.

On this glorious land of plenty
Nature squandered all her art !
Charming as a maid of twenty :
In her smiles you lose your heart.

Should you doubt the ardent story
Which the painters here relate,
Come yourself and see the glory
Streaming through the Golden Gate !

THE PRETTY COLLEEN.

EVERY lad in the world has a love in his breast
For a swate, pretty lass, and he thinks her the best :
Thinks her eyes are the brightest, her face is the fairest,
Her cheeks are the reddest, her lips are the rarest !
But there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.

O, the pretty colleen ! O, the pretty colleen !
She is true to her lover and true to the green.
And there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.

She comes from the land where the green shamrock
grows ;

And her breath is as swate as the scint of the rose !
She'll be true to ye always, in all kinds o' weather,
For she gives ye her hand and her heart both together.
And there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.

O, the pretty colleen ! O, the pretty colleen !
She is true to her lover and true to the green.
And there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.

O, the pretty colleen wid a smile on her face
Is a rare opportunity wan should embrace ;
Whin ye've taken wan kiss, ye'll be wanting another
To find if the wan would be swater than t'other !

And there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.
O, the pretty colleen ! O, the pretty colleen !
She is true to her lover and true to the green.
And there's nothing so charming in life to be seen
As an Irish lad's love for his pretty colleen.

WHEN ONE HEART BEATS FOR TWO.

THEY say I shouldn't flirt ;
But how else can I divert
My attention from the lover who has come a-courting
me ?
Can I know I love him best
Save I flirt with all the rest ?
It is only by comparison we judge a thing, you see !
What's a gentle maid to do
When a lover comes to woo,
And the heart that used to beat for one alone
In a throbbing sweet and new
Then begins to beat for two ?
For you know a maiden's heart is not a stone !

They say I shouldn't kiss !
Must I tell my lover this,
And make him do all the kissing when he's kind enough
to call ?
Must I let his kisses go,
And no sweet resentment show ?
Or, in case he is too bashful, must I get no kiss at all ?
What's a gentle maid to do
When a lover comes to woo,

And the heart that used to beat for one alone
In a throbbing sweet and new
Then begins to beat for two?
For you know a maiden's heart is not a stone.

They say I shouldn't marry—
Not at present! Must I tarry,
Putting off until to-morrow what I'd rather do to-day?
For I think it is so nice
Just to take one's own advice;
And there's so much greater pleasure saying "Yea" than
saying "Nay!"
When such lover comes to woo,
I'll say yes, the same as you;
Then my heart, instead of turning into stone,
Will begin to beat for two;
And I'll find the Bible true:
That it isn't good for man to dwell alone.

YOU'RE ANOTHER.

O, I'm a regular Irish lad!
You're another! You're another!
I take right after my Irish dad!
You're another! You're another!
I love that island across the sea;
The world is full of its pedigree;
Resolved on setting the island free;
You're another! You're another!

I wear the shamrock upon my breast;
You're another! You're another!
Because it suits my complexion best;
You're another! You're another!

Wid me the shillalah is most in vogue ;
For this they call me an Irish rogue ;
I want Home Rule wid an Irish brogue !
You're another ! You're another !

When I was born I was very young ;
You're another ! You're another !
The brogue got fastened upon my tongue ;
You're another ! You're another !
I like the city they call New York ;
Though I shall ever be fond of Cork—
The one they draw wid a spiral fork ;
You're another ! You're another !

O, I'm a sprig of the Celtic race ;
You're another ! You're another !
The map of Ireland is on my face ;
You're another ! You're another !
When I am dead, there 'll be no delay :
" Pass through the gate ! " St. Peter will say,
" And give this Irishman right of way ! "
You're another ! You're another !

THE TRAMP AND THE CUR.

HELLO, ye little wanderin' cur !
Don't be afraid I'll hurt ye, sir !
Let's get acquainted, as it were :
Tell us your name.
What, neither name nor pedigree ?
Well, I'm about as bad, you see :
I'm called a tramp ! 'Twixt you and me
'Tis all the same.

Come here, I'll share my crust with you ;
Enough for one's enough for two !
Ye want a friend, and friends are few ?

That's just my case.

Ye're poor and homely, by the by,
And somewhat ragged ; so am I !
And yet there's somethin' in your eye
That's not so base !

Come right up here, ye little scamp ;
I wouldn't hurt ye—I'm a tramp !
Tell me what makes your eye so damp—

Have ye some sorrow ?

What, lost your father ? Needn't whine !
And mother, too ? Well, I've lost mine !
Suppose we lonely orphans dine,
And weep to-morrow !

At this one meal you'll be my guest ;
Though plain, 'tis easier to digest ;
Dyspepsia never brings unrest

To me nor you !

We'll be companions from this date—
Misery always likes a mate ;
And burdens lose one-half their weight
When borne by two.

On velvet cushion by the hearth
Sleeps many a dog not half your worth ;
But, since ye are of random birth,

Mankind pass by ye.

Having no way to earn a meal,
You're forced to either starve or steal ;
Could they but once your hunger feel
They'd not deny ye.

Ye have good right as well as they
To get your livin' as ye may ;
For man is but a bird of prey
 That lives by plunder :
To rob his fellow-man, a creed ;
Take from the earth more than his need ;
That he ne'er satisfies his greed
 Is more the wonder.

Life is one continual cramp
To you, the cur, to me, the tramp,
And many of the self-same stamp
 That want our name ;
For be they human, be they brute,
Many are in the same pursuit :
To find for work some substitute ;
 That's just our aim.

Ye never need be friendless more ;
Henceforth we'll tramp from door to door,
Divide each day our scanty store,
 Quite all we need ;
And if no other wealth we find
Than bliss of a contented mind,
The less we'll have to leave behind
 For legal greed.

A dog on whom ye may depend
Is better than a faithless friend !
Yet pity 'tis man must descend
 Fealty to find !
God's noblest oft becomes so base,
And such a blot upon his race,
That e'en his dog feels the disgrace,
 And sneaks behind !

Pray do not cringe, nor yelp, nor whine,
Nor bark too loud when you would dine ;
But raise that curly question sign,
 Behind ye saggin' !
You'll find this maxim never fail :
Too long a tongue will not prevail ;
You'll do more coaxin' with your tail,
 So keep it waggin' !

And those soft eyes, my little friend,
Will all your meager wants commend ;
And thus by pleadin' at each end
 You'll get your dinner !
If one no other crime commits
Than simply livin' by his wits,
'Tis beggin', which the world permits
 Both saint and sinner.

Some are with many millions blest ;
Some earn so little at their best
That e'en the Sabbath day of rest
 They may not take.
Enough for all is Nature's plan ;
Yet in her myriad caravan
The only miser is a man
 With his muck rake.

Had circumstance reversed the thing—
Made you a lapdog, me a king,
Would we have better cause to sing ?
 Pray look around :
The earth is ours without its care,
The flowers, the sunlight, and the air !
Oft wealth would give one-half its share
 To sleep as sound.

He owns the most who wants the least,
And learns contentment from the beast ;
The lesser food the better feast—

So let us feed :

Your share of meat and all the bone !
Since friendship only may be shown
For what we are, not what we own,
We're friends indeed !

When age comes on, 'tis sad to know
We've neither kith nor kin below,
Nor friend to mourn us when we go
Where there's no schism.
Though death is nothing but a sigh,
We long for someone to supply
The holy water of the eye—
Life's last baptism !

LITTLE ETTA'S COLORED BOY.

" MAY I tum in 'e parlor," asked Etta, rather coy,
" And bring along my tump'ny, my little tolored boy ?

" His name is tolored Sammy, and somethin' more than
that ;

He is so awful sunburnt, betause he's dot no hat.

" He lives way oder yonder on todder side 'e road,
Down where you said a rooster at early mornin' crowed.

" So I went down an' told 'em my mamma was so ill
That long-tail' hen disturb her by singin' froo hees bill.

“ We drove him in 'e torner, an' Sammy till him dead,
An' den to stop hees singin' hees ma chop off hees head.

“ An' when I asked her whedder hens went to heaven or
not,
She laughed an' said: 'Dis rooster I dess will go to
pot!'

“ Den I brought Sammy oder to div' him all my toys,
Betause he don't have any like udder liddle boys.

“ Oder yonder by 'e meadow, where they dot a water
troff,
I squbbed hees face so shiny, but 'e black would not tum
off.

“ What makes him look so tolored, while I'm so very
white?
Was I born in 'e daytime an' he born in 'e night?

“ Please div' him my big nightie, or tut off one of
aunt's—
His shirt is tored so awful! He's only dot one pants!

“ You might take one of papa's an' tut 'em off for him,
An' div' him papa's 'spenders, so's to teep him in.”

KISSING.

NAY, pretty maiden, be not shy ;
Perchance I've come a-wooing thee.
Yon tempting apple does not try
To turn its rosy cheek from me.

All nature has a-wooing gone
Since first the sunbeam kissed the dew,
Or glory blushed on that first dawn
When worlds were made and love was new.

Yon river like a maiden sleeps
Beneath her nightly veil of mist ;
Up rosy morning softly creeps,
And lifts her veil and leaves her kissed.

The moon doth kiss the earth, and smile,
Caressing vale and mountain peak ;
With much more ardor all the while
Old Sol is kissing t'other cheek.

About the mountain peaks alway
Fair maidens cling in vapor dressed,
And, kissing, blush but once a day—
When Sol goes wooing down the west.

Yon star that glistens like a tear
In lovelorn maiden's soft blue eye,
Enamored of some wayward sphere,
Ever pursues him with a sigh.

The birds up in the trees are cooing
In harmony, no one can doubt it,
And seem to have no trouble wooing :
They kiss, and make no fuss about it ;

The ardent breezes kiss your cheek,
And, loverlike, with ardor sigh ;
To them you no resentment speak :
While zephyrs kiss you, may not I ?

Pray why were lips so tempting made
If not to win devotion rare ?
Must not some penalty be paid
For being wrought so wondrous fair ?

And can you blame me that I steal ?
What though your cheek incensive burn !
I, too, would some slight sorrow feel,
And quick the stolen kiss return.

Those lustrous eyes but tell me this,
What modest lips would ne'er impart :
He does not steal who takes a kiss,
But makes a curtesy to the heart.

Since nature plainly holds it just,
Let nature in you whisper yea !
For are we not all made of dust ?
And you, you are such charming clay.

The telltale eye is drooping now,
Till I must bend to gaze therein ;
Or gaze on lips that do, somehow,
The sooner tempt me to begin.

If you should grant me only one,
I'd hardly know just where to take it
On face so fair ; and, when begun,
How long a bliss I ought to make it.

WHY ROSY LIPS WERE MADE.

As Bessie, blushing, raised her head,
The handsome fellow archly said,
 Stroking his chin :
“ Pray tell why rosy lips were made ? ”
Said she : “ They are the sweet blockade
Against young lovers who invade
 The heart within.”

“ If I the sweet blockade should run,
Might I not hold the heart I'd won
 By such adventure ? ”
“ Not every one can take who tries !
But should you take me by surprise
And close the lips, I'd still have eyes
 Would speak in censure ! ”

“ Could eyes like those be so unkind ?
Then close them up, for Love is blind ! ”
 “ Nay, that's not true, sir !
Can Love be blind, I'd like to know,
And shoot the unerring arrow so ?
He sees more in someone, I trow,
 Than others do, sir.”

“ And why do cheeks get rosy red ? ”
“ I'll tell you why,” sweet Bessie said,
 With some emotion :
“ There nature, with consummate art,
Paints every passion of the heart,
That burning secret to impart—
 A maid's devotion ! ”

He stole one kiss ! Then two, three, four !
And gladly would have stolen more
Without repenting.
“ You’ve ta’en my heart ; it must be true
These rosy lips were made for you !
You’d better take the residue
While I’m consenting.”

CUPID WENT A-COURTING.

CUPID went a-courting, courting for himself,
Laid his bow and arrow back upon the shelf ;
He had done the courting since the world began,
Making love, but always for some other man,
Till he met a maiden of such beauty rare,
Got his bow and arrow tangled in her hair ;
Got in further trouble getting back his dart :
With her eyes upon him Cupid lost his heart.

Pretty little Cupid, I’ll tell you
When you’re sent a-courting what to do :
Ever be afraid
Of a pretty maid ;
Leave your little heart behind !
Gazing in her eye
Is fatal, by the by ;
That’s the reason Love is blind.

Cupid went a-courting dressed up like a man ;
Kissed the maiden often—that’s the proper plan ;
Uttered pretty speeches. Heart got in his throat ;
Wings began to rustle underneath his coat ;
Whereupon the maiden little Cupid knew ;
Smiling, said : “ I cannot, cannot marry you !

It is pleasant having Cupid all your own ;
But a maiden cannot live on love alone ! ”
 Pretty little Cupid, I'll tell you
 When you're sent a-courting what to do :
 Ever be afraid
 Of a pretty maid ;
Leave your little heart behind !
 Gazing in her eye
 Is fatal, by the by ;
That's the reason Love is blind.

Cupid stopped his courting—couldn't stand her “ No ” ;
Yet the little maiden didn't mean it so ;
Had he been persistent he had won the maid,
But with Cupid married Love had lost his trade ;
Then no other maiden would have felt his dart,
And no man without him won a maiden's heart.
Maidens now are grateful for the good old plan
Which requires a Cupid and a real man.

 Pretty little Cupid, I'll tell you
 When you're sent a-courting what to do ;
 Ever be afraid
 Of a pretty maid ;
Leave your little heart behind !
 Gazing in her eye
 Is fatal, by the by ;
That's the reason Love is blind.

ANY KISSES WITH THE ROSES?

THE squire is young and handsome, and it happens
every day

That he stops to buy a flower as I meet him on the way ;
And to-day he took them all at any price that I'd agree,
But instead of looking at the flowers, kept his eyes on me,
Till my cheeks were flushed and burning like the blushes
on the rose ;

For the cheek is such a telltale when the fond heart
overflows.

Since he was so very generous, I took him at his word :
" For each rose I'll take a shilling ! Do you think the
price absurd ? "

Then he asked me, with a twinkle in his very roguish
eye :

" Any kisses with the roses when the roses are so high ? "
When I told him that my *tulips* went with every rose he
got,

Why, he grabbed me and the basket, saying he would
take the lot.

He not only took my roses, but he also took my heart ;
And his reason was that love and flowers shouldn't
live apart.

Then I asked : " When one is faded, will you bring the
other back ? "

But he answered in a roguish way by giving me a
smack ;

Otherwise he made no answer ; there's a precious reason
why :

When the lips are so engaged, you can't expect them to
reply.

Precious maiden, take this precept : Would you win a
lover true,
Let your life be like the flowers, fresh baptized with
heaven's dew,
Fragrant with its many virtues both in sunshine and in
shade,
And he'll wear you in his bosom as a rose that cannot fade ;
And it matters not what blossoms may spring up along
the way,
You will always be the choicest flower in his heart bouquet.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

My love is not a soldier bold,
Because there is no war ;
Nor sailor, for the world holds naught
That he would leave me for.
My love is not a lawyer, with
Short briefs and longer bills ;
Nor doctor, whose prescriptions are
Much worse than all your ills.

I love my love with a love that's true ;
I love my love, but he's not you !

My love is not a pauper, no !
Nor is he clad in rags ;
Nor is my love a millionaire
Who hugs his money bags.
My lover's not a reverend,
Whom some folks call divine ;
He likes mankind in general,
But loves no soul but mine.

I love my love with a love that's true ;
I love my love, but he's not you !

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

PRAY, gentle stranger, tell me, if you know,
Is this the spot where Jesus stopped to rest,
Where heaven and earth met centuries ago,
And little children were divinely blest ?

I'd like to stand where little ones were brought
To Him who, sitting, sandals in the dust,
The sweetest lesson of the Bible taught :
That hope of heaven is born of childlike trust.

There comes from all that sacred history
No sweeter picture to the human mind
Than when, with little children on his knee,
Deity, set in jewels, crowned mankind.

The trusting mother brought her infant there
What though the wise disciples oft reviled ?
Since man's redemption took them in his care,
Divinity doth always hedge a child.

And when the Saviour held them to his breast,
Each babe looked in the face of God and smiled.
That blessing gained comes down to all the rest :
Eternal benediction on the child !

The Saviour loved them, even though he knew
Each one by sin might some time be defiled ;
'Twas nothing more than Heaven ought to do,
For He was once a helpless, homeless child.

The mother clasps her baby to her heart,
With Heaven's glory on its little face ;
Earth cannot furnish her its counterpart,
Not though an angel came to take its place.

The babe comes hither from the great unknown ;
Yet no immortal secrets with him come.
In age, with that same muffled monotone,
He journeys back again as sweetly dumb.

When drowsy age sits nodding to the grave,
The deeds of many years together piled,
It claims the blessing which redemption gave
In being once again so like a child.

PRINCE AND SERF.

A ROYAL babe is born, a helpless thing ;
Birth makes him prince and Death shall make him king.
Another babe is born, a peasant slave,
With naught to choose between them save
The fiber of the robes ; naught to convince
Why one should be the serf, the other prince.
Exchange the cradles ; send the serf to school ;
He will be king, and may as justly rule ;
The prince becomes a serf beneath his rod—
There is no royalty in sight of God.
One goes not far along the royal line
To find himself at some usurper's shrine.
'Twere easy told, had all an equal chance,
What's due to genius, what to circumstance.

Birth fills the world, while Death maintains his calling.
As old snows melt the fresher snow is falling ;
Each flake conceived no one knows how nor where,
And yet so pure it purifies the air.
Or sifted through the canopy of night,
Or murky cloud of day, 'tis just as white.

On earth's great bosom gently sinks to rest,
And falls to nursing while it warms the breast ;
Abides its season, whether month or day,
Till by the warmth of heaven dissolved away.
A blessed faith to all who love the story—
Man melts away into eternal glory.

VICTORIA.

PEERLESS woman ! Such another
History hath never seen ;
Thou, so good, so grand a mother,
And, withal, so great a queen,
Victoria !

Sovereign of two titles legal,
Queen and India's empress means
England holds thee doubly regal
And the royal queen of queens !
Victoria !

Now thy children gather round thee,
While the nation round them clings ;
Thus with jewels they have bound thee,
Greatest of a race of kings !
Victoria !

All mankind salute thy banner,
And wherever 'tis unfurled
Greet it in a royal manner ;
Thus 'tis honored by the world !
Victoria !

Out on each sun-gilded ocean,
Gems of commerce freighted down,
Thy great ships suggest the notion
That the earth, too, wears thy crown,
Victoria !

Progress fair, her form adorning
With thine ægis on her breast,
Greets the sun at India's morning,
Woos him down Australia's west !
Victoria !

Heathen nations wake from dreaming,
Civilization gives new birth,
With thy royal banners streaming
Down the highways of the earth !
Victoria !

With thy steel, the world surrounding,
Constantly the sunbeams play ;
Here retiring bugle sounding,
Yonder, roll of reveille !
Victoria !

On the brave thy realm defending
Never can the sun go down !
Hour by hour his rays descending
Kiss the legions of the crown !
Victoria !

Earth is girt with population
Speaking in the English tongue ;
And the God who guides the nation
Hears one endless anthem sung !
Victoria !

Such a growth to England never
Came beneath another's reign !
Down the halls of time forever
Shall re-echo this refrain :
" Victoria ! "

Fifty years of rule with sages
As the Queen of Englishmen
Is a glory that the ages
Never may repeat again !
Victoria !

All the nations know thy story !
All now join thy " jubilee ! "
'Tis a royal crown of glory
That the world bestows on thee,
Victoria !

THE END.

INDEX.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Any Kisses With the Roses ? 199 | Italio, 160 |
| A Woman's Pocket, 142 | Jealous Wife, The, 53 |
| Barefooted After the Cows, 81 | Jennie, 75 |
| Barnyard Melodies, 145 | John Maynard, 148 |
| "Birds of a Feather," 57 | Kissing, 194 |
| Brogue I Brought Over the Ocean,
The, 175 | Liberty Enlightening the World,
97 |
| California Flea, The, 68 | Little Church of Hamilton Square,
The, 144 |
| Christ Blessing Little Chil-
dren, 201 | Little Etta's Colored Boy, 192 |
| Crazy Vet, 49 | Little Ned's Wagon, 26 |
| Cupid Went A-Courting, 197 | Little Tim's Tobacco, 33 |
| Dame Nature's "Crazy Quilt," 111 | Lullaby, 90 |
| Deacon and the June Bug, The, 120 | Miller's Maid, The, 66 |
| Dead Regiments, The, 167 | Miracle of Cana, The, 64 |
| Don't You Think So, Bill ? 19 | Mother, 95 |
| Elsie Adair, 168 | Mrs. Flanders, 171 |
| Ensign, The, 104 | Murphy's Donkey, 151 |
| Ferry, The, 119 | Nancy Hanks, 46 |
| Foreigners at the Fair, 62 | New Baby, The, 88 |
| Foreign Views of the Statue, 30 | "Oh, Yeh-yus !" 134 |
| Frog and the Frenchman, The, 84 | Old Ace, 1 |
| Funeral of the Mountains, The, 73 | Old Eagle, 173 |
| Ghost of an Old Continent,
The, 162 | Old Glory, 44 |
| Golden Gate, The, 184 | Orthod-Ox Team, The, 41 |
| Grand Canyon of the Colorado,
The, 167 | Paddy Moore, 177 |
| Guns, 107 | "Palestine," 15 |
| I Love My Love, 200 | Pastor's Wooing, The, 59 |
| | Pat's Confederate Pig, 23 |
| | Pat's Opinion of Flags, 98 |

- Pretty Colleen, The, 185
Pretty Maid of San José, 51
Prince and Serf, 202
"Remainder of the Year, The,"
 35
"Said I," 180
Santa Claus, 126
Shall Bess Come Hame ? 76
Sheriff of Cerro-Gordo, The, 129
Sherman's March, 37
Silly Billy, 116
Skeleton, The, 102
Stuttering Bill on the Hen, 169
Swing, The, 5
Three Lullabys, 87
Tramp and the Cur, The, 188
Two Knights, The, 154
Uncle Eph's Heaven, 12
Uncle Ezra's Story, 136
Wasp at Camp Meeting, The, 91
Watchin' the Sparkin', 182
When One Heart Beats for
 Two, 186
Why Rosy Lips Were Made, 196
With the Boys, 124
Yosemite, 113
You're Another, 187
Victoria, 203

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